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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Absolute loyalty to Mr. Bonar Law has completely closed up the Unionist ranks. The memorial is signed practically unanimously by the Unionist members. The general regard, amounting to something like devotion to Mr. Bonar Law is remarkable. He will be leading a united party, ready to follow him everywhere; a party full of enthusiasm and confident of success. No one who knows the party from within can help seeing that this little stir, this "crisis", has quickened it amazingly. No doubt there was a feeling that the food-tax question had to be raised and had to be settled, and now that the murder is out and over, there is relief and resilience. This settlement will put immense "go" into the Unionist attack on Flint and defence of Londonderry. One can easily understand the irritability of the Radicals. They counted so much on our divisions and on the food taxes. They feel they have been left. No doubt we have not played the game.

The Government's majority yesterday on the curates division fell to 40. This was really a House of Commons protest against Mr. McKenna's meanness and truculence. The case of defenceless persons such as the curate in a remote country parish can make no appeal to him. This was too much for the Labour members, who have sympathy with hard work for small pay. Seven of them voted against the Government. Apparently Mr. McKenna thought he had shown so much grace in admitting commutation that it would never do to show more leniency that day. In fact, commutation, while desirable as avoiding any direct payment by the State to the clergy, is no concession at all. The Church gains nothing pecuniarily. By the way, Mr. McKenna's figures as to the income of the Disestablished Church in Wales were really more

monstrous than ever yesterday. Manipulate these as he may, the fact stands that the State is to take £158,000 out of an annual income of £270,000.

Lately we mentioned that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been brooding over an idea of offering the agricultural labourers a minimum wage of a pound a week. This was discredited, but the people who discredited it were wrong. Now other people are waking up to the truth that Mr. Lloyd George would like to dangle the bait. Sir John Rees asked him about it in the House of Commons on Wednesday and got an evasive answer; and other Unionist M.P.s are now on the scent.

We have very good reason to believe that the Cabinet is not yet agreed in this matter. It is pointed out by those who dread the bait that it is bound to detach from the Radical party not only every considerable farmer in the country—indeed the considerable farmer's vote has anyhow gone for ever—but the whole of the smaller employers on the land as well as in the villages. The small employers are still a force to be reckoned with, and in a good many constituencies they turn the vote in favour of Radicalism. Hence the Cabinet cannot make up its mind to the plunge; and it is this, largely, which has deferred the start of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's land campaign. He will not strike till he is ready.

We hope Sir John Rees and other Unionist M.P.s will continue to "ferret" in the burrows where the cunning old buck rabbits of the Government are lying up. If they do not succeed in bolting a rabbit into one of their nets, who knows, they may bolt one of the "stoats" of the Secret Land Inquiry which are known to be constantly visiting those burrows. The stoat is a known coward, and will always bolt before a steady ferret. He may get through the meshes of the net but be shot as he bolts by the keeper waiting above.

The Government were back again this week to the old humiliation and hypocrisy of the Home Rule Bill: humiliation because it is done at the bidding of the Irish

Nationalists: hypocrisy because the Government pretends to meet the case of the Irish loyalists by giving a possible but quite ineffective seat or two through a scheme of proportional representation; and because they once more by playing with their own Senate arrangement show what importance they attach to such hollow "safeguards". Mr. Healy calls its forty members forty "lunatics", which is more brutal than our own suggestion of forty thieves; and he adds that, for what he cares, Ulster may have the lot.

To what depths of humiliation will not Ministers go for the sake of office! It was a Liberal himself of great experience who confessed to the agony Ministers suffer at losing office. As he said, the official's deathbed is not cheered by any hopes of immortality; and the idea of a placeless existence is horrible to him. "Hardly any can be found, even among the foremost men of any age, whose nerves are firm enough to look in the face the termination of official existence; and none but one bereft of his senses ever makes himself a voluntary sacrifice for his principles or his country." This is far nearer the real truth than Lord Rosebery's brilliant paradox about the real joy of life and the end of office.

The death of the Duke of Abercorn recalls that most dramatic of parliamentary inquiries, the Rhodes Commission. Mr. Labouchere was in his element when the name of the Duke of Abercorn came up, though he did not make a great deal of capital out of his victim. It is curious to reflect that the anti-Duke business, which is usually supposed to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer's own copyright, was years ago exploited week after week by Mr. Labouchere. The Chancellor of the Exchequer indeed has borrowed largely from both Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Chamberlain in the making of his career. There is not much that is original in our demagogues of to-day, saving their sin. Now Wilkes, Cobbett and Bradlaugh invented as well as applied.

We long ago had William Windham's diaries, and now we are to have his letters and Lord Rosebery is to introduce them. And who was Windham? the average Englishman, indeed we fear the Englishman above the average, will ask. It is amazing that whilst trashy novels are read by hundreds, by hundreds of thousands, every day in the year, the intensely interesting, the fascinating story of politics in Windham's day is unknown even to many people of taste. Yet if we wish to enjoy, and to understand, the play and byplay of party politics to-day, we must know about Fox and Chatham and Grenville and Canning and the rest. That study has perhaps only one serious drawback—it is too absorbing once we have entered on it.

Lord Rosebery is now doing something to overcome the almost invincible ignorance of the public as to Windham and his day and his associates. He is sure to do it extremely well. The "high-souled Windham" should appeal to him not less than he appealed to Macaulay. Windham was an independent of sorts: at least he belonged during his career to more than one party. He was the great friend of Johnson and of Burke. What giants there were, and what splendid and witty followers and friends some of them could count on in that age! It rivalled certainly the Elizabethan age in big men, though it had not the freshness of that time.

Suffragettes of every colour are clearly afraid of the Irishmen. Will they again abstain from voting on a woman suffrage motion? The militant sections have blustered; but the moderate sections are wiser. They try cajolery. The National Union of Suffrage Societies has this week printed an appeal to the Irish members, impudently, femininely cynical. There have been rumours—which no one really for a moment believed—that one or two Ministers of this Radical Cabinet

would resign if a woman suffrage amendment were carried in the Government Bill. If this were credible, it would obviously be the Irish cue to procure its rejection, holding the Cabinet together till Home Rule were safe. So the N.U.S.S. has been diligently inquiring into these rumours of resignation, and has heard on the best authority that there is no foundation. Vote, therefore, for woman suffrage, they tell the Nationalists; it can do you no harm. There is not a word in this appeal on the merits of the question; merely the argument ad homines.

Suffragets and their opponents are rapidly preparing for a final grapple in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith's "national disaster" is now within measurable time and distance. Mr. Asquith intends to survive it. Every member of the House must realise that a vote for any sort of woman suffrage amendment, broad or narrow, is a concession to the militant section. It is useless pretending to distinguish between moderate and militant. Admit the principle, and every line of defence must be abandoned. The suffragettes are cunningly divided into sects which severally appeal to a particular class of supporters; but the work of the moderate sections has always supplemented, not detracted from, the work of the militants. Every vote cast for woman suffrage is a condonation of Pankhurst methods. No suffraget M.P. must be allowed to forget that.

Mr. Masterman requires us to believe that the House of Commons, voting upon the Insurance Act, foresaw that Mr. Lloyd George would be unable to come to terms with the doctors—in fact, that the history of the last few weeks was foreordained and provided for. Will the Government allow contracting out within the limits of the section? Mr. Masterman has audaciously answered: "The Government and the Commissioners will take such measures as will prevent any attempt to break down the system contemplated by the Act as approved by Parliament". Unless the House of Commons had the gift of prevision, one wonders how it could have contemplated the system which Mr. Lloyd George is proposing to set up. Is it fair to the House to make use of its decisions in an entirely different sense from that in which they were intended? The section was intended to help insured people to a choice of doctor; not to help Mr. Lloyd George to make a choice of doctor impossible.

The result of Mr. George's policy was clearly foretold at the Queen's Hall meeting this week. The Act will be unwillingly worked by men whose temper will be the more exasperated that they have yielded. Moreover, the profession is divided into doctors and insurance doctors. Insurance doctors will be overworked; they will be slot-doctors, with neither the time nor the interest to treat their cases individually. Mr. Lloyd George might have had for his Act the united goodwill of the profession, eager to make National Insurance a national success. Instead of this, the great majority of the doctors who have joined the panels will not be sorry practically to show that the system will not work. What will be the spirit of a practitioner who in some cases has actually been told that he will not be allowed to resign?

The criticisms of Sir Sydney Olivier's new appointment are ill-conceived. Those Unionists who not unnaturally are now attacking it will, we imagine, prove to have been shortsighted in more than one way. Obviously, critics have a good cue in Sir Sydney Olivier's innocence of any expert knowledge of agriculture or of land. Perhaps this is a mild way of putting it. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say he does not know a plough from a harrow. But it is not the expert that is needed at the head of a department, or at least he is needed infinitely less than a man. Expert knowledge can always be bought. Sir Sydney Olivier is a personality, a man of marked and

unusual ability. He has done big things where he has had a chance. At the Board of Agriculture he will know how to use the expert knowledge, of which he can have as much as he wants. It is a good omen for that office, which has been the lumber room of the Civil Service, that at last it will have an able man, and something more, as Secretary.

In a party sense these Conservative criticisms are even more ill-judged. Sir Sydney is a Socialist, who wrote some of the most brilliant of the Fabian essays. So of course he must be a visionary and a firebrand. But have not these Unionists observed that the able man who is visionary when irresponsible becomes the hardest-headed when responsible? It is proverbial that hot-headed ability is cooled to a fine temper by responsibility. Always give office to a troublesome able man. M. Millerand, the Socialist, has become the most conservative and one of the most efficient members of the French Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain knew what he was about when he sent Mr. Olivier to Jamaica. What happened? Mr. Olivier, the Socialist, got rid of an incapable representative body and administered admirably without it. The truth is that the abler Socialists are always at least half Tory, and when they get a chance of doing instead of talking that half comes out. Unionists may reckon safely on Sir Sydney Olivier's Tory half quarrelling with Mr. Runciman. What can they want better?

As an instance of the kind of administration we expect from Sir Sydney, we are sure that if he had to decide the question of a grant to the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, he would make short work of the party opposition of the Irish Nationalists. He would not tolerate for a moment the progress of agriculture being hindered by political faction.

The German bureaucracy has plenty of men who work hard, are not afraid of responsibility, and are fit for high office. Herr von Jagow is one of these men, but his promotion from the Roman Embassy to the Foreign Secretaryship means that he has skipped at least one step, and it is an open secret that the post was first offered to a more experienced man. Still the choice of Herr von Jagow will strengthen Germany's position in the present crisis, for it affords a guarantee that the special interests of Italy in the Near East will be considered, as well as those of Germany's nearer ally. But the German papers are more interested in the constitutional results to be expected. Herr von Jagow is not a big enough man to step into Herr von Kiderlen's shoes, and it remains to be said who will become the main author of German foreign policy, the Imperial Chancellor or the Emperor himself.

The peace conference is resting until such time as the Turks, who are next on the rota for the presidency, call it together again. There is a report that the Turkish Government has instructed its representatives to withdraw unless the terms presented by them at the last meeting are accepted. This, if true, is regarded as a diplomatic feint. Meanwhile the Ambassadors' Conference has met regularly. There have also been interviews between Turks and Bulgarians at Chatalja. It looks as though everybody were anxious to spin out time.

We may guess that time will bring the surrender of Adrianople, and when once the fortress has fallen the Turkish Government can bargain about its future. Nobody now believes that the Bulgarians will hold to their original frontier proposals, while the Turks can accept terms if the Powers put some pressure on them, especially if the conditions have shifted a little against them. But the demands of Roumania may cause trouble. The less Bulgaria gets in the South East the less she will be minded to give up in the North, and Roumanian opinion is restive and demands a great deal. Here is another chance for pressure by the Powers.

It is not surprising that there is general talk of intervention. The trouble is that the Powers cannot see quite eye to eye, and that there is much to settle in a little time. The future of Albania alone is a very thorny question. On the top of that comes the fate of the Ægean Islands, at present in Italy's keeping. It stands to reason that Italy does not wish to see territory in which she has just acquired a sort of interest pass irrevocably out of her hands.

Mr. Taft's declaration in favour of arbitration on the Panama business has been taken for more than it is worth in this country. Mr. Taft is sincere enough in his desire, but, as he says himself, he has not the power to carry it out. The Senate has more power. It is still quite uncertain what will be done. To smooth the way, Mr. Taft suggests that arbitration need not mean reference to The Hague; it might be done by an International Commission. Remembering the Alaska business, we look askance at this suggestion.

Mr. Deakin's retirement is a serious loss to the public life of Australia. Health is given as the reason, but the true explanation is probably quite other. Mr. Deakin has found it impossible to turn the moderate elements in Parliament into a coalition with a single purpose: the Opposition which he attempted to lead has been united only against the Government, not in regard to its own line of policy, and Mr. Deakin has, we imagine, given up the task as hopeless. He has been something more than an Australian statesman. As he did yeoman service in furthering the cause of federation in Australia, so he would have welcomed an opportunity of assisting to give practical effect to the ideal of Imperial Federationists. During his visits to London he proved himself more Imperial than Imperial Ministers themselves.

Wednesday's meeting of the Marconi Committee was livelier than usual. Mr. R. H. Eggar, solicitor on behalf of the Poulsen Company, was examined. Mr. Eggar undoubtedly suffers under a sense of the Government's injustice towards his clients. This frequently raised the atmosphere of discussion several degrees. There is clearly a tendency of this Committee to be divided against itself. Too many warm words are made and withdrawn; and the calm investigating mind is generally to seek:

Mr. Booth: You are aware that, when I asked Mr. Gandil where I could see the Poulsen inventions at work, he said, "You can go to H—?"

Mr. Eggar: Yes. (Laughter.)

Mr. Booth: I am sure some of my friends in the Committee would be glad if I did go there. (Laughter.)

Mr. Harold Smith: Purely in the interests of science, Mr. Booth.

H— is Honolulu; but the tone of the passage suggests another place; and the name of the member agrees therewith. Mr. Booth's "better than a hundred witnesses" on Thursday was even worse. Quite correctly it was strongly resented by many of the members.

A further difficulty of the Poulsen Company comes out prominently in the evidence of Mr. Eggar. The Post Office required to do business with a British company that had a substantial financial backing. Poulsen's difficulty was that, scientific merit apart, the firm would not be justified in appealing for support in the City without a guarantee that they were in the running for a definite contract. Poulsen's were disabled every way. The particular requirements framed by the Government both on the business and the scientific side disqualified them in advance. But why were these particular requirements made? Were they reasonable?

With the examination of Mr. Gubbins, the Chairman of the Peruvian Amazon Company, by the Select Committee, we get closer to the direct object of the inquiry which the Committee was appointed to make, the directors' responsibility. Mr. Gubbins became

connected with the company in 1906 as an alternate director with a Mr. Reed. He joined the board as director in 1908, and was introduced then by Mr. Reed to Arana, whom he had not known before nor anything about him; though he had spent thirty-eight years in Peru, being partner in several firms. He satisfied himself that the company was a sound business concern; but he did not ask anything about the labour conditions in the company's territories; and until Hardenberg's revelations knew nothing about the atrocities. Arana explained that money was not current and that the Indians received goods for rubber. Mr. Gubbins saw the increase of rubber from 768,000 lbs. in 1908 to 1,397,000 lbs. two years later, and also the expenditure on rifles and ammunition, but they did not lead him to investigate labour conditions nor incite any suspicion.

It appears that in the articles of association the shareholders were prohibited from requiring discovery of the details of the company's operations or trade. To the Chairman's question, "Surely that was put in by somebody who was afraid of discovery?" Mr. Gubbins replied: "To the best of my belief the board were resident in London, and were not aware of what was going on in regard to the ill-treatment of the natives." Between 1909 and 1910 there were twenty-five murders, and the company thought that the inquiry into the charges should be made by the Peruvian Government. It was pointed out that there was an item of £10 for "four days' Indian hunt." Mr. Gubbins did not remember seeing that. In Peru, he said, the Government will countenance hunting for Indians who are in debt; and they were working under Peruvian law. The Chairman upon this said that he was advised that such proceedings would be punishable in British law as slavery with fourteen years' penal servitude; he asked Mr. Gubbins if this had not struck him, and he replied "No".

Owners and men in the taxi-cab petrol dispute strike remain in an uncompromising attitude towards each other. The companies have put more cabs on the streets during the week, and they have given notices ordering the men to return their uniforms. The return of the uniforms has been an occasion for demonstrations and processions by the men, who are rather more inclined now to insist on free petrol than to take the eightpence which the union fixed as a maximum. The usual discussion has arisen about the earnings of the taxi-drivers, and the companies have issued samples of drivers earning a regular net daily ten shillings. The only importance or relevance this seems to have is that if the men in the mass earned good wages, they are able to keep up the strike longer.

The Law Courts meet to-day after the Christmas vacation for the Hilary Sittings. These Sittings will go on till Easter, but up to the end of February or beginning of March ten Judges will have to be attending to circuit business and for the most part will be away from London during that time. Not half of the Judges for trying cases in the King's Bench Division will be in London. It is not surprising that in such circumstances there are heavy arrears in the new Court lists. Many of these cases have already stood in the lists six months; and they may remain there as much longer before they are heard.

Zubeir Pasha won some remarkably good opinions. General Gordon, Lord Cromer, Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone and the Mahdi all at one or another time were persuaded to believe in him. His lands and riches were built up in the slave-trade; and it was as a successful rebel that he first aspired to a governorship. General Gordon would have turned him loose in the Sudan "with the moral support of her Majesty's Government" as the one man there capable of rule. His death is the term of a long rustication upon his estate at Geili. After his treasonable correspondence with the Mahdi in '85 Zubeir Pasha was necessarily earmarked for a politic retirement.

UNITY ATTAINED.

THE agreement in the Unionist party has obviously come as a very unpleasant surprise to the Radical Press and to the Radical party. For some time the Government have been building their hopes less on their own merits than on the possibility of dissension in the Opposition. That flattering dream has now proved to have come through the horn and not the ivory gate, and the Ministerial Press is proportionally depressed. The illusion in any case could not have lasted long, and it has been merely a matter of mercy to put Ministerial scribes out of their pain by a single shot. The SATURDAY REVIEW has always been of the precise opinion put forward in the memorial signed by the Unionist members of the House of Commons, and has expressed this view ever since the so-called "crisis" occurred. This claim is not one for a possession of supereminent wisdom. It has been well known to those members of the party whose political knowledge is not swallowed up in their journalistic activities that the vast bulk of the party has always been in favour of the solution now proposed and accepted by the Opposition members of the House. The pressure of this weight of opinion was pretty sure to be effective in the long run, and the divergent attempts to attack Mr. Bonar Law's prestige and policy were pretty sure to prove a disastrous failure. As in the case of German politics "the Centre" has won all over the field, and the extremists of both sections have come into line with a good grace worthy of their patriotism; for only an overmastering sense of the paramount claims of loyalty to the leader and of the necessities of the country could have brought this about. The result is very creditable. The party is once more absolutely united, as the Government will shortly discover to their annoyance and the country to its benefit. All's well that ends well; but a little reflexion in the interval of calm is salutary. Is it wise for Unionist newspapers to introduce into the discussion of a domestic difference an acutely acrimonious tone? Is it likely to help them or the causes for which the Unionist party stands? Did the parliamentary and political advisers of these newspapers inform them that ninety-nine members out of a hundred were determined to support Mr. Bonar Law and to prevent a split at the present crisis in our political history? What information as to the temper of the party was given to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law before the Albert Hall meeting by the intelligence department of the Opposition? There is a great deal to be said against the regimentation of a party; there is also a great deal to be said for a system which allows of free consultation on the part of private individuals before a rather silly vendetta is made public, or a policy is decided on without any exchange of opinion between the party officials, the front bench, and the local leaders. The Unionist party has always been united at heart and it ought to remain so in practice. A little more inter-communication might be adopted with advantage.

As far as the general situation is concerned the political position is clear enough. The Unionist party will ask for a mandate from the people to destroy Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment and to carry out its own constructive policy of Housing, Poor Law, and Land Reform. It will be returned pledged to the introduction of a general Tariff on manufactured goods. How soon that tariff can be got into actual operation is a detail that only the circumstances of the day can settle. Then there will be an Imperial Conference, and if the sense of the Conference is in favour of a preferential tax on Imperial wheat a special appeal to the country on this particular issue will be necessary. There is no reason why the United Kingdom should be disrupted, the Welsh Church despoiled, and the Radical demagogues let loose on society as a whole simply because there is a doubt whether the country wants the precise Preferential proposals of 1903 or whether an Imperial Conference would endorse those proposals. It is impossible to base a joint agreement on anything but

the common acceptance of the various sets of people who are primarily concerned.

We can now go straight ahead. Unionists are united, while Radicals are wondering whether Mr. Lloyd George will or will not leave the Cabinet on its refusal to sanction either the Land Tax or a prompt dissolution, and behind the immediate political situation with all its unrealities and shams lies the stark reality of Ulster's certain resistance to a Home Rule régime. Nothing, as the Government have yet to learn, alters the position of Ulster, and nothing but the defeat of Ministers can avert civil war in Ireland. In the meantime it is instructive to note the comments of the enemy on the Tariff Reform agreement now put forward. One Radical journal is profuse with its advice to Unionists. It appears that the Unionist party is altogether wrong in the course it is now advocating. It has apparently only three courses open to it. It can accept Tariff Reform *as a whole*, or it can reject Tariff Reform *as a whole*, or thirdly it can postpone Tariff Reform *as a whole*. In other words it is not to be allowed to put forward the home industrial Tariff as a preliminary to the Imperial arrangements. Why? The answer is very simple. The Radicals know perfectly well that the Tariff against foreign manufactured imports is immensely popular and rightly popular with the working and manufacturing classes of this country. Unionism in fact can hold the big industrial centres on this tack. Liberalism is terrified at the general Tariff, and it is even more afraid that once this country adopts a national Tariff of its own, such as Australia, South Africa, and Canada possess, a preferential arrangement is merely a matter of time. The Cobdenites are out to kill not Food Taxes, but a Tariff, and all that the conception of a Tariff implies. But they have been beaten, as the next two years will show.

MR. BONAR LAW.

THERE is a thing which in politics we all ought to learn to take well, and that is a joke—even a bad one—at our own expense. The advantage of being able to take it well is clear, for the moment we do so it ceases to be at our own expense. Yet the thing is often extraordinarily difficult. Who, save possibly Disraeli at his prime, has not suffered some discomfiture from it? One has seen even the masters of the parliamentary art flinch at jests at their own expense which would instantly have become harmless if only they had smiled affably or laughed outright with the rest. One has seen Sir William Harcourt—a promising pupil in the Disraeli school, too!—show acute suffering when Dr. Wallace or Sir Michael Hicks Beach has shot a bolt at him. No wonder, then, the jokes of the Government factions and Press about the late food-tax incident have galled a good many Unionists. When the hard-bitten and hard-hearted professionals—for the professional in party politics is hard-hearted essentially; he has no bowel of compassion—are often upset in this way, how can warm-hearted amateurs in the party business be expected to keep all serene? Can we expect them to be—as we once heard a great man describe himself in a storm of mingled laughter and rage—as cool as a cucumber?

As for the Radical jokers who have had a week of intoxicating joy, one need bear them no atom of malice. A good many jests have been made of late at *their* expense too. They have not, we may be sure, keenly relished being called "poodles" for their conduct in the Home Rule debates—called so not alone by their opponents but by Mr. Martin M.P., one of their own party. We don't suppose they exactly grinned with pleasure, either, when Sir A. B. Markham M.P., another of their own party, called them "jackals" over their sneaking Land Inquiry. Therefore let them enjoy all the pleasure they can out of the highly imaginary spectacle of Mr. Bonar Law being torn in two, like Actæon, and eaten by his own hounds. As a fact Mr. Bonar Law has

never been in less danger in all his life of being eaten than he is at this time by the food tax. The devouring is confined to Radical romancers and to certain rival operators in the Press—very clever operators some of them.

The Liberal Press invented a formula for "the crisis". They said it's a clear case of "B. L. M. G."—which sounds somewhat like the initials of a prominent, very gay organ of "the crisis", uttered by somebody who has a cold in the head. But the Liberal Press knows very well that Mr. Bonar Law is really firmer in the saddle than he has been at any time since he mounted. Publicity after all is the first essential of a successful party leader's life in these days of naked democracy. Without constant publicity he perishes. He must live in the public eye, live on the public lip, to be effective now. He must be savagely attacked and criticised, as well as attack and criticise constantly and unsparingly himself. It is the only way in which he can get and keep a following in the country. When this happens he becomes a front man in the front rank.

Mr. Bonar Law has now come unmistakably into the public thought: hitherto he has been chiefly in parliamentary notice. The gap between the two is far larger than the informed critics, the *ol' chapitres*, of Pall Mall and S. Stephen's, often seem to suppose. Some of, apparently, the cleverest and adroitest men at Westminster have never succeeded in getting past Parliament to the public; and the study of their failure to do so is one of the most curious and fascinating in party politics. The name of a great debater occurs to one at once in this connexion, Tierney. Tierney especially appeals to us because he must have had certain points strikingly in common with Mr. Bonar Law. Like Mr. Bonar Law, Tierney was of the mercantile classes, with a singular facility in matters of business. He was a man essentially of figures; but there seems to be no doubt that, in spite of this, he was lucid and brilliant in debate. Now, except for the parenthesis, all this fits well the Leader of Opposition in the House of Commons to-day. Tierney was evidently an out-and-out "House of Commons man", which Mr. Bonar Law resolved to be from youth—and which Mr. Balfour has half seriously described himself as being—as if one could be a "House of Commons man" and yet be at times consumedly bored by uninteresting debates!

Mr. Tierney was by way of being a Liberal or a Liberal Whig, whereas Mr. Bonar Law is a Conservative; but that is not very essential. How good a House of Commons man Tierney was is shown by the way in which he declined to join the protesting Whigs when they declared in effect Parliament was a farce and stalked out in a body. Tierney stayed and assaulted the Government with all his powers. At one time he assaulted it so bitterly that the Prime Minister accused him of "obstructing" the Government in its defensive measures. A duel followed. But the warriors were not so good with firearms as they had proved themselves as firebrands. They failed to touch each other with pistols at twelve paces on Wimbledon Common, and, after two rounds apiece, Pitt went home to dine with the Speaker, who in needless misery had ridden up to the heath and seen the crowd there.

Tierney was unsparing in debate. He was what the Government Press to-day would style "rude". Mr. Bonar Law is unsparing. Tierney was, according to his contemporaries, extremely quick to seize a point in debate and turn it against his opponents. He was always bold and tenacious. Once "on his legs" in the House of Commons, he was completely at home and at his ease. All these qualities apply equally well to the Leader of the Opposition to-day. Is not Mr. Bonar Law quite our modern Tierney?

Tierney did not employ many purple patches. He rarely affected the Olympian heights of oratory. Tierney was direct and perfectly easy to understand. He was not "subtile", said a powerful critic. He was fond of sarcasm, if we have got his character right, rather than of the exquisite persiflage of Canning. We believe there is a sect of people in society and out

of it to-day who have so little else to amuse themselves with that they play with a creed that professes we have come out of some dead man or woman and after death will live again in some body yet unborn. Whatever they style it, Astral Bodies or Karma, here is argument to support their wondrous doctrine! Did the Leader of Opposition to-day live in the Leader of Opposition in the early part of the nineteenth century; or has Mr. Tierney been re-incarnated in Mr. Bonar Law?

The analogy between Tierney and Mr. Bonar Law, which we have not in the least tried to force, is singular; and if any trust whatever is to be given to the judgments of Tierney by his peers, friendly and hostile, the likeness between the two is really quite close. But there comes a point at which it breaks down. Tierney, we think, had not Mr. Bonar Law's firmness of character. He was brilliant in debate, but he drifted in resolution. Tierney, moreover, was never relished by his own side; the Whigs could not forget that his people had been in trade. They did not like the idea of one of the merchant class coming between the wind and their nobility—yet, think of it, the Whigs were the fathers of the Liberals and the grandfathers of the Radicals of to-day! It told greatly against him. No one pretends such a thing tells against the Leader of the Opposition to-day. The Conservatives rightly feel that Mr. Bonar Law's training in business is a great asset for them. They wanted a Leader who could combine business with brilliance. They have him in Mr. Bonar Law. And the Radicals have, as a set-off, a leader who might be said to represent brilliance and briefs. Another thing told heavily against Tierney. He was clearly outshone by the men whom he had to act among, and by the men he had to act against. He not only had to follow a Sheridan, he had to act on the same side as a Fox. But that was not all, not half, his difficulty. He came into Parliament and was left by the absurd secession of the Whigs to stand up almost alone to Pitt. Perhaps Pitt is set too high to-day. Lord Acton, we happen to know, angrily resented Lord Rosebery's estimate of Pitt. But even if he was not the tremendous prodigy he is supposed to have been, it remains that Pitt was a consummate politician. Hazlitt's character sketch of him was a wicked bit of Liberal venom. Think of Pitt at his zenith, think of him even at his nadir, the most moving thing in the whole of our political history, and then turn to the Prime Minister to-day—that helps us to get a notion as to Pitt's size.

Pitt, the lonely, cold, great man who took his cue from nobody: only compare him with a Prime Minister to-day who takes his Irish cue from Mr. Redmond or Mr. Joe Devlin, his Welsh cue from Mr. Lloyd George, and his land cue from the Gaddesby Hall set—and that helps you to get a notion of the size of a Liberal leader of to-day.

If the fates have been unkind in giving to the betrayers of the English Constitution and Crown the hammer of Thor, they have at least not created a Thor to wield it. We have to fight against very earthly men indeed. The Unionist party is confident that Mr. Bonar Law is equal to the task. It wholly trusts him. He has the candour that the party wants: let Mr. Asquith keep the craft. Mr. Bonar Law has the sterling character; whilst, above perhaps all Parliamentarians to-day, he has the exact and deadly striking power.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

IT cannot be said that the last two Presidents have done much to enhance the prestige of the office. M. Emile Loubet may have had the best intentions; but he showed miserable weakness at two important crises in his country's history. He might, as Minister of the Interior, have done much to arrest the corruption of the Third Republic by branding the men who had brought untold misery upon thousands of

humble homes; but he preferred to destroy the evidence of their guilt rather than face the issue like a man. As President of the Republic he could have shown loyalty to his religious convictions by refusing his signature to legislation which confiscated the property of the Congregations and drove thousands of innocent men and women into exile; but he again preferred the easier course and signed decrees which his conscience condemned. M. Fallières' lack of convictions has made his course easier, though he has weakly refused to sign death sentences passed by judges and juries on the most loathsome of criminals. In fact he has shown himself to be a mere time-server whose one glory it will be to have held office for seven years.

The situation has now changed, and it is no longer the interest of France that a mere figure-head should occupy what ought to be a great and honourable position. There is a strong opinion throughout the country that the President ought to become a real factor in the government of his native land. The Constitution confers upon him powers of the greatest importance. He may ask Parliament to consider for the second time a Bill which he regards as of vital importance to France. He can exercise great influence on the deliberations of the Chamber through a Presidential Message, which becomes all the more weighty from the rare use of this prerogative. Through his personal and direct communications with Kings, Presidents, and foreign statesmen he can smooth the course of foreign affairs. It is therefore essential that at this most critical moment in the history of France, of the Near East, and of the whole of Europe, a man who can speak and act with the authority of a distinguished past and with great experience should occupy the highest office of the State. Public opinion in France is gradually appreciating the necessities of the situation and realises how serious are the dangers ahead. It has been dormant for many years, but energy in the best sense of the term is now the fashion. Men are forgetting their past political differences in face of the common danger. They are merging them in view of the necessities of the situation, and they realise that the word "country" must assert predominance in French public life which it has lost for many a long year. The Executive cannot remain a stranger to this great change in public sentiment. None of the resources of the Constitution can be neglected, and the genuine importance of the Presidential office must be accentuated at all costs.

The question therefore is what Frenchman possesses at this present moment most of the necessary qualifications for this high office. There was a time when this question might have been resolved by the votes of the Radical and Radical Socialist groups in the Senate and in the Chamber; but they have now lost themselves amidst the stagnant pools of political and personal corruptions. They have also sadly blundered by M. Combes' anxiety to exclude from their Republican caucus Progressists on the one side and Socialists on the other. They might possibly have found salvation in the choice of M. Bourgeois, who can boast of suppleness and a courtesy which is out of touch with their native brutality. He possesses some experience of foreign affairs, has been twice Foreign Secretary, has travelled from Court to Court, and has earned golden opinions on all sides owing to his polished manners. His tact and courtesy have also secured him many friends in the other groups who would vote for him whilst abhorring the Radical Socialists. He has, however, put himself out of court by declining to stand, as his delicate health makes him prefer a seat in the French Academy to the Presidency of the Republic, and he has been deaf to those who argue that the Republic is lost if he declines to come forward. M. Ribot has a great past, is one of the most distinguished orators in France, and, though a Protestant, has spoken with the greatest eloquence against the spoliation of the Congregations and the separation of Church and State. His style of eloquence is all the more powerful, as, unlike most Frenchmen, he can see both sides of

a question and is able to use the arguments that tell not only with the waverers but with his opponents. His high and honourable character has earned for him the respect of all parties; but he is seventy years of age, and France needs now the energy of younger and fresher men at this turning-point in her history. M. Deschanel is an able diplomatist, an effective and polished speaker, has made friends with many members of the Conservative groups, is well known in many a salon, has a charming and accomplished wife who could give him real help, and would make a capable President at a less crucial time. But has he enough character or conviction at a time when these qualities are essential? M. Antonin Dubost, the President of the Senate, who is also a candidate, is but little known outside the Senate and the Chamber, and his name hardly carries much weight either in the country or abroad. M. Pams, the Minister of Agriculture, is the only Radical candidate. He has little in his favour beyond the possession of wealth which he has honourably earned by the manufacture of J.O.B. cigarette paper; but he is not impossible, as wealth is an important factor in a country where Deputies and Senators, who, after all, are the only voters, do not despise good fare.

There might be much to say in favour of either M. Ribot or M. Deschanel, were it not for the candidature of M. Poincaré, the Prime Minister, which dwarfs all others. He may be criticised for much that he has done and left undone, for having allowed members of his Ministry to enforce the laws against the Congregations rather than permit them to remain dormant, for having interfered ineffectually in the concert of the Powers when it might have been better to remain a passive spectator. He could, however, hardly help himself so long as these laws remained upon the Statute Book, and he was ready to compromise much to secure the passage of Electoral Reform which he has rescued from destruction at many a critical moment. It is true that he has not been able to prevent the Senate from doing considerable mischief, and it is therefore important that he should as President give both Houses an opportunity of reconsidering the position. If his intervention in foreign affairs has not always been successful, he has made his name not only known but respected abroad. It is most important that such a man should speak for France at this time of stress and difficulty. If Senators and Deputies will realise this on Friday next, they will do a great deal to restore French prestige in the Councils of Europe.

There is one strong objection to M. Poincaré's nomination. He has shown himself the strongest Prime Minister of modern times, and it will not be easy to find a substitute for M. Poincaré as President of the Council. Three members of the present Cabinet can, it is true, aspire to become his successor. M. Briand did much during the two years he was Prime Minister to smooth over a stormy and discreditable past; but he has given hostages which he will always find it difficult to redeem. M. Millerand was once the representative of the Unified Socialists in M. Waldeck Rousseau's Ministry; but he has evolved since then, and has not only become the hope of many a Conservative Republican but has shown signal energy as Minister of War to undo the evil work wrought by General André and the Masonic Lodges during his tenure of office. The strength of these two men is that they wish to make amends for their past advanced opinions, and are becoming more and more Conservative in their views. Finally, M. Delcassé has changed in many ways since the days of Fashoda, and is now a good friend of England. His task has been even harder than that of M. Millerand, for he has had to reconstruct the French Navy and repair the appalling mischief done by M. Camille Pelletan during his tenure of the Ministry of Marine. Any one of these three men could take the place of M. Poincaré, especially if the new President continues to exercise an active supervision over the work and policy of the Ministry. True, this will be a revolution in the practice of the French Constitution, but

it will in no way be a violation of its spirit, and it may well be argued that the promotion of M. Poincaré to the highest office in the French State will be justified if he will govern as well as reign.

KING ALFONSO AND THE AWFUL EXAMPLE.

PRESIDENT ARRIAGA is one of the few respectable persons in the sordid drama of Portuguese public life. This week he has done two wise things. No sooner had the coy Senhor Leite tendered his long-delayed resignation than Doctor Arriaga despatched a summons to Doctor José d'Almeida. It was a foregone conclusion that Doctor d'Almeida would fail in his efforts to form a Cabinet, and the President knew that his action invited unpopularity; but he seems to have been set upon performing an act of faith and upon paying homage to the tarnished ideals of the Republic. The d'Almeida programme was a programme of justice and of confidence in the people. It would have put an end to the reign of terror which, when the whole foul story comes to be written, will eternally disgrace the makers of the Portuguese republic. But the thirty thousand Carbonarios, who keep vigil against reaction at the modest salary of £6 a month per head, had made up their minds decisively against Doctor d'Almeida's Evolutionists. In the name of philosophical liberty they were filled with horror at the Evolutionists' doctrines. They recoiled in disgust from statesmen who proposed either to prove the guilt of suspected persons or to loose them and let them go; who declared that exiled bishops and priests would be better employed in their dioceses and parishes; who argued that public money ought not only to be voted to public services but actually spent thereon. The Carbonarios had their way. And this was the moment for the second of Doctor Arriaga's wise actions. Evidently despairing of the actual republic, he resolved to give it rope enough to hang itself, and sent for Doctor Alfonso Costa.

Even those Englishmen who have forgotten the names of most of the other doctors on Portugal's panel will recall the name and fame of Doctor Costa. Restrained by the laws against capital punishment which prevailed under the Monarchy, he is able to boast that he has never put anybody directly to death; but the fact remains that under this tyrant thousands of honest Portuguese have rotted in dungeons or have been flung out of the fatherland. The persecution of the meek and mild Church in Portugal was almost wholly his act and deed. He has never displayed any constructive ability, and has shone only by discovering an enemy of the Republic in every critic of his performances. Under the treatment of such a physician Portugal need not be given up as hopeless. The President has perceived that she must grow much worse before she can become better. If a moderate and just Ministry had assumed responsibility, the result could have been no more than a prolonging of the agony and the strengthening of bad men's hands. Only two courses, each of them as bad for himself as it is good for the State, are open to Doctor Costa. Either he must eat his old words and lose the love of the mob, or he must govern according to his principles and bring the crazy Republic tumbling about his ears.

It is deplorable that events in Spain should be helping Doctor Costa to begin his work amidst portents of evil to the Spanish monarchy. It is an open secret that foreign money and energy, out of all proportion to the importance of the affair, were devoted to the fomenting of republicanism in Portugal in order to fortify a position from which to attack monarchy in Spain. For a time it seemed that Portugal's unhappy experiment had strengthened King Alfonso's cause, but the new year has worked an evil change. In settling the recent Cabinet crisis in Madrid the King is reported to have said that if such a crisis recurred a hundred times, he would settle it a hundred times in the same way. He forgets that kings who give way in and out of season

are not usually allowed a hundred opportunities of proving their pliability. It is less than forty years since there were republics in Spain, and we may not have to wait forty months to see republics again if the King persists in shutting his eyes to the lessons which have been burned into the mind of King Manuel. After the murder of King Carlos it was taken for granted by the Portuguese Royal advisers that they might safely flout the most sacred convictions of the Monarchists, on the ground that Monarchists would always defend the monarch. Accordingly King Manuel's five Ministries were all chosen from Radical groups or from circles which were republican at heart. This was the famous policy of appeasement, apparently so called because it did not appease a single Republican while it estranged the loyalists in thousands. It may be admitted that King Alfonso's hold upon his people is strong; but movements are discernible in Spain which are far stronger. There is no need for the King to scorn or embitter the people; but, if he truly believes that monarchism is for the good of Spain—and without such a belief he would have no moral right to wear the crown—it is his bounden duty to use the Royal prerogative for the establishing and not for the sapping of the throne. For the moment, as in these tragedies, he seems to have bettered his position. The Republicans of Spain are suspiciously noisy in his praise. They are lauding him for his obedience to a Constitution which they themselves are pledged to overthrow. The echoes of their plaudits are loud on the Tagus, and the failing hearts of the almost discredited muddlers there are once more growing stout for mischief. It is to be hoped that Doctor Costa will do his worst quickly, so that both his own country and Spain may learn their lesson before the rot spreads incurably over the whole Peninsula.

THE TALKING TEACHERS.

IT is possible that if one were at the pains to go carefully through a file of the "Times" for a whole year, not missing a single day, he might find one on which there was no teachers' meeting. If anyone should do this and actually find such a day, we hope he will mark the date in very red ink and send us a copy of the paper; it would certainly be a red-letter day. In these days at any rate it would appear so to most "Times" readers; for of late we have been nearly flooded out with the streams of pedagogic oratory. These school masters and mistresses and college dons seem to find absolutely endless and unending delight in meeting one another and hearing each other talk. They meet in summer and winter, in grand session and in petty session, morning, afternoon, and evening. They seem to have organised themselves on a basis that admitted of the largest possible number of conferences. Sometimes they look at themselves merely as teachers in blank, which enables every grade, species, and variety to meet at regular periods in vast assembly. The National Union of Teachers has its annual meeting, like any other trade union, but it has also meetings peculiar to itself. At other times teachers look at themselves in grades; they are no longer teachers sans qualité, but headmasters, headmistresses, or assistant masters and assistant mistresses. So there is a Headmasters' Association and an Assistant Teachers' Association, and many local organisations on the same basis. But this grading suggests another arrangement. Headmasters may be either primary or secondary. So teachers can, and do, confer on the primary and secondary basis also. Moreover there are private schools as well as public; so teachers in private schools assemble as such and have their own organisation. A further and most fruitful sub-division is on the basis of subjects taught. Teachers of classics have their organisation and, of course, their own private conferences. Science teachers have theirs; mathematical teachers theirs; and so ad infinitum. As

every group of this indefinite sub-division has its annual—more probably twice or thrice in the year—meeting, one begins to understand why it is so difficult to open a paper which thinks it worth while to report what these good people say without coming across some teachers' conference. But even now we have not exhausted the combinations and permutations of teachers. There is yet the elementary basis of classification—sex. There are separate organisations, and, of course, conferences, for masters and for mistresses, of many categories. Thus every teacher is catalogued under at least four or five descriptions and can attend conferences in any and every one of his capacities. He may go as a teacher, as a master or a mistress according to sex, as a head-teacher, as a secondary teacher, as a science teacher, as a London teacher; and he may go to the winter meetings and the summer meetings. If his appetite for congress-hunting is not yet satisfied, he can console himself from time to time with monster gatherings. This week he has gorged himself with the "first" (is there an off-chance of it also being the last?) "Joint Conference of Educational Associations". Then there are such things as Imperial Education Congresses; and, for all we know, there have been, or certainly will be World Conferences of Teachers. On the whole, one naturally asks—When does the teacher find time to teach?

The whole over-grown monstrous orgy of conference-going (we mean nothing gross: we believe "tea and coffee" or at the wildest "light refreshments" are the worst of excesses allowed on these occasions) is, from a seriously educational point of view, a farce. This eternal reading of papers on the same things mainly by the same people has no result but the pleasing of the reader, and apparently the hearer, and the advertising of his name in the papers. The hearer, remember, is practically always a teacher himself, which alone can account for his not being bored by hearing the papers. He likes to hear about himself and he remembers that he too will one day be reader, and the others will have to listen. One good turn deserves another. Beyond the members of the profession we do not believe one single person in the world takes any real interest in these proceedings. There are certain authorities, concerned in education, who must give these gatherings their blessing: or they have not the courage to ban them. The Board of Education must smile. It would be interesting to observe the quality of the smile (in private) of the able men in that department. Mr. Edmond Holmes no doubt smiled very sweetly on these educational parliaments. Sir Robert Morant suffered them with dignity. Dr. Sadler sunned all over with delight when he addressed the assembled teachers, but he generally spoke first and was not expected to listen much. He has always been a past-master in making general and pleasant observations that come to nothing but perfectly attain their end. It would be a very simple mistake to suppose that all the men of mark who address these gatherings think they are of any educational use. These are professional gatherings; they are meetings of members of a profession, the educational side being an accident. Teachers are, of course, fully entitled to meet to consider their own status and how to improve their position. They may think their profession is not given the recognition it deserves; and in our judgment they would think rightly. They may also think they themselves are under-rated; and in our judgment they would think wrongly. Possibly they have the suffragettes' idea that they must make themselves a nuisance to get their deserts. But incessant talking does not raise the idea of great deserts when the talkers are people who have work to do. It rather excites suspicion. This endless discussion of meticulous points of educational technique—purely professional points odious to everyone not a teacher—does not tend to make the world value education or think of it. But it does put the world off it. Few English people care to think about education, and the stream of talk at these conferences turns away some of the few who do. No other profession is eternally

talking about itself. The Bar has one annual meeting, at which the successful barrister is seldom seen. That is what makes one suspicious; those who work and have their time well filled seldom go to meetings of this kind. It is not a good sign that these innumerable meetings can be held at all. It ought to be impossible to get an attendance. We are told, of course, that it shows teachers' enthusiasm, devotion to their profession. We think it shows something else. The healthy man is not always feeling his pulse. These teachers spend too much of their time and thought prescribing for themselves. Doctors know that is generally a mistake. The teaching profession diagnoses its diseases wrongly. Wicked as it may be to say it, we would rather take the judgment on educational matters of an able man of the world than of nine out of ten of the teachers who frequent these conferences.

Is it not a natural suspicion that frequenters of conferences are largely people who do not mind their own business; or have none to mind? Will the man or the woman be there who is absorbed in care for the boys or girls in his charge, to whom he feels he stands, and does stand, very much in the place of a parent? There is no greater work than that of the true teacher. We know of those who are true teachers, whose thought is of their boys or their girls—not merely as pupils—it is not merely a professional relation—but as boys and girls whom they love. They are to be found to-day in our schools from Eton downwards. These do not read papers at conferences, and we doubt if they go to them. Does it ever occur to all these folk, who are for ever forgetting to talk over points of educational technique, that the world is asking what is the grand total of all this talk? What is the grand result of this vast display of fussiness, of this self-important educational science, of this very self-conscious "training" and "method"? They dwell on the perfecting of the machine. But what is the machine turning out? If the experts have raised education to a pitch worthy of all the noise they have made for a good many years, is there a corresponding rise in the character and intelligence of the whole people? We do not believe a single honest observer would say, Yes. We believe in education, believe in it intensely; but for all the fussiness of the last twenty years there is so little to show, outside "technique" and "method", which in itself is less than nothing, that we feel sure there is something wrong somewhere in all this activity. Undoubtedly the teacher is the key to all education. How shall we teach our teachers? If we cannot teach them, at any rate they can be kept in order. The right teacher need only be left alone. The wrong teacher must be kept to his job. We are not going to be pedagogue-ridden any more than we are priest-ridden.

THE CITY.

THE London stock markets have taken their cue from Paris this week. When Paris sent buying orders prices generally improved, and when Paris did nothing the tendency was slightly easier. The volume of actual business is very small. Owing to the activity of trade throughout the country money finds remunerative employment outside the Stock Exchange and speculative dealings are mainly professional. Notwithstanding uncertainty as to the Balkans the tone in most markets is firm. The floating supply of stocks is so limited that bear operations are dangerous, but dear money militates against bull speculation.

The approach of the dividend declarations has attracted attention to the Home Railway department and a strong tone has prevailed. Yet optimistic estimates must be accepted with some reserve. The "heavy" lines have had large increases in receipts during the last half-year, and such companies as the North-Western, Midland, Great Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire may pay from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than they did a year ago; but no increase can be expected

from the Brighton, South-Western, Great Eastern or Great Northern. The two last named may be unable to maintain their rate of distribution. These considerations explain the profit-taking that has been in progress in the latter half of the week. Underground stocks have found some support on renewed rumours—highly improbable—of amalgamation of the Metropolitan and the District. Underground Electric shares are being bought in anticipation of the conversion of the income bonds into debentures carrying a lower rate of interest. London Electric ordinary have also been "tipped" for a rise.

A fair amount of business has been done in Canadian Pacific "rights", which provide a cheap way of speculating in Canadian Pacifics. The "rights" on ten old shares are a "call" on three new and the right to subscribe for the new shares expires on 13 February. As the new shares are payable by instalments running until 20 October the "rights" also provide a convenient means of investing in the stock. Grand Trunks were bought on the news that the Grand Trunk Pacific had been linked up with the main line, but have since become a quieter market.

A particularly interesting rumour is now in circulation regarding the San Paulo Railway. It was well known that negotiations were in progress with the Farquhar interests for the lease of the line to the Brazil Railway in consideration of a guarantee of a dividend of 15 per cent. on San Paulo stock. It is now stated that the negotiations have been practically broken off and that the San Paulo Railway Company is likely to obtain a concession from the Brazilian Government to build a new line to the coast. Officials of the company refuse to make any comment on the rumours. This suggests that there is some foundation for them, and further circumstantial evidence in favour of their plausibility is the fact that opposition in Brazil to the Farquhar schemes is understood to be growing. If the San Paulo Company is going to build a new line it will have to raise fresh capital, which should be an easy matter in view of the company's liquid reserve fund of over £1,750,000 and its excellent credit. Such a scheme, however, takes the wind out of the sails of speculators who were expecting a 15 per cent. guarantee. Peruvian Corporation Preference stock is still being bought in hope of a conversion of the debenture stock. This hope is predicated upon the company's success in securing from the Government a perpetual lease of the railways and on the willingness of the debenture-holders to accept a 5 per cent. irredeemable bond in exchange for their 6 per cent. redeemable stock. If these plans were carried out the preference stock would be in sight of its full dividend of 4 per cent.

Negotiations for a small loan to the Turkish Government are in progress, and the Roumanian Government is making inquiries with a view to the issue of Treasury bills; but peace must be assured first.

The steady demand for Rubber shares is a wholesome recognition of the favourable statistical position of the trade. Forward contracts are being made at very satisfactory prices by plantation companies, and the outlook for the year is quite encouraging, particularly for the younger companies whose output is beginning rapidly to expand.

Mining markets are dominated by Paris at present, and as French operators are optimistic about peace prospects prices are firm.

The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada invite subscriptions to £479,300 for the construction of branch lines in Saskatchewan and Alberta: principal and interest are guaranteed by the provincial Governments. The bonds bear 4 per cent. and are issued at £94 per cent. The Queensland Government offer £2,000,000 4 per cent. stock at £99 per cent. The Mexican National Packing Company also invite subscriptions to a 6 per cent. First Mortgage issue of \$2,900,000 at 94 per cent. The company has valuable exclusive concessions in Mexico, and the expert estimate of net profits is for £50,000 the first year, rising to £200,000 in the fourth year. The list closed yesterday, but country applications posted to-day will be considered.

INSURANCE.

ROYAL LONDON AUXILIARY INSURANCE COMPANY.

IN view of the almost uniform want of success that has attended the efforts made in recent years to establish new insurance offices, it is satisfactory to discover that failure is not inevitable, but can generally be traced to injudicious or reckless management or misfortune. It is probable that the Royal London Auxiliary Insurance Company, Limited, had a better chance to prosper than most of the new ventures, because it was started by and has had the support of the men who, in face of keen competition, have made the Royal London Mutual Insurance Society, Limited (formerly the Royal London Friendly Society) an undoubted success. It can scarcely be overlooked, however, that other companies which have more or less come to grief had equally strong backing at the outset, also that the business undertaken by the Auxiliary Company was new to the directors and executive officials. Ordinary life assurances had not previously been granted, and fire, personal accident, and general insurances were entirely new features. Consideration of these facts suggests that there was no particular reason why this company should so far have done much better than others almost similarly placed, and the difference can only be attributed to the adoption of a more cautious and less extravagant policy.

Business was begun by the company on 8 August 1910, when a few capital redemption policies and £904 in the way of funds were transferred to it from the Royal London Auxiliary Fund, an offshoot of the Royal London Friendly Society, but in all other respects the connections existing on 30 September 1912, when the second trading period ended, were the result of individual effort. In the first period of a little more than a year the life premiums totalled £26,618, 6307 policies being issued for sums amounting to £554,834, while the yearly renewal premium obtained was £27,355, and £9666 was received in single premiums. Including interest receipts, the income of the branch was £27,450, and of that amount about £9490 was in hand on 30 September 1911. So far as this branch was concerned, a fairly auspicious start was therefore made; expenses, as was naturally to be expected in view of the large new business transacted, had proved comparatively heavy, but only a small sum had had to be found for claims, and the balance available at the end of the term undoubtedly was full security to the policyholders. In the other departments, on the other hand, the earliest efforts of the management were somewhat unsuccessful. After 40 per cent. of the premium income for the period had been set aside for current risks, the fire department showed a loss of about £3700, to which had to be added £610 in respect of the accident and general departments.

During its second year, however, the Royal London Auxiliary was generally prosperous. In the life department a rather smaller new business was transacted, but the premiums increased to £40,892; a smaller sum was spent, and at the end of the period there was a fund of £33,302, after £900 had been transferred to investment reserve. In this case there are certainly indications of sound administration, which should lead to the establishment of a permanently successful business. While the premium income, as the figures show, increased by more than £10,000, less was required for commission, expenses of management, and medical fees, and the relatively large sum of £23,812 was accumulated, the only special receipts being £1465 from the sale of annuities and £770 for interest on investments.

It is perhaps too early to assert that the Royal London Auxiliary will become an important and thoroughly prosperous institution, but present indications undoubtedly point that way. So far the mistakes made by other managements have not been repeated. No anxiety has been shown to build up a large premium income rapidly, and questions of economy seem to have been carefully studied. When capital redemption pre-

miums to the amount of £2862 are obtained by a young company at a total cost of £197, there is a natural inclination to take a hopeful view of the future—more especially when the other accounts equally testify to prudent management. In the fire department, for example, the net premiums increased from £16,528 to £19,532, but the actual expenses, apart from commission, showed a decrease from £4506 to £4001. Similarly, it is found that the accident premiums increased from £886 to £965, and the general premiums from £3890 to £4991, while, on the other hand, the actual cost of management was reduced from £258 to £220 in the one case, and from £1488 to £1137 in the other case, all three accounts showing useful profits unquestionably earned. The continuance of a policy of this kind is almost bound, one may think, to lead to really satisfactory results in the near future.

THE CHOICE OF A DOCTOR.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

JUST as I thought I had begun to understand the provisions of the Insurance Act as it relates to doctors a new complication arose which completely threw me off my balance; and since the things called panels have been heard about I have not understood it at all. I know that this is a confession of bad, or at the best, lazy citizenship. I know that I ought to make a point of mastering every detail of an Act which concerns the welfare etc. But I have simply to confess that I have not made that point. I have a vague idea that when my servant is ill, instead of my doctor attending him as before, and charging me something less than the half-guinea or guinea for which he condescends to come and feel my pulse, my servant can now command the services of the most distinguished physician in the neighbourhood, and that a Harley Street specialist may be summoned to come and attend him, and be paid ninepence or some such insignificant sum by the Government. This I dare say is not strictly accurate; it is more or less a romantic way of stating the case; but that he will have a choice among several doctors seems certain. And I have been set thinking of this curious affair of choosing a doctor, and what it is that governs one's choice.

I may say at once that I have never yet found the ideal doctor. My indispositions are few and simple, and of a kind for which conscience rather than science indicates the treatment; so my opportunities of choice have been few. And one's choice is rather more limited than appears. I live in a part of Mayfair which is much inhabited by doctors; their plates gleam upon every hand as I walk to my own door. I feel that I would like to try them all, but an inherent sense of loyalty keeps me faithful to one, especially as when he was first called in he had the tact carefully to inquire into my habits, and to explain that none of the things I enjoyed most were bad for me, provided etc. But sometimes unworthy doubts assail me. I wonder whether, by employing some other doctor, I might not enjoy buoyant health without any moderation at all. And then I look at the brass plates as a child with a shilling to spend looks in at various shop windows, and wonder, supposing I were to make a change, in which quarter my money would be best expended. The mere brass plate or condition of the hall door no longer deceives me. I have seen the shabbiness behind too many smart hall doors to take them as an indication of anything at all except a desire to keep up appearances. Window curtains and the condition of the windows themselves are a much better guide; but all these externals are really fallacious; and there is no safe guide to the choice of a doctor except by actual trial.

And even when we do try a new doctor, how many of us want the same thing from him? If we are really ill of course we want to be made well; but the majority of a doctor's work is attendance on people who are not really very ill at all and to whom his visits are a

luxury. I confess that I like extremely to be visited by the doctor. I cherish the thought that a man who has spent years in the arduous and difficult pursuit of exact scientific knowledge is concentrating the whole of his resourceful experience upon me. I feel sure that he cannot fail to be struck by the peculiarity and exceptional interest of my case; and here I may point out that the first duty of a desirable doctor is to appear to be so struck and impressed. If he does not, the awful thought seizes me that familiarity with disease has made him contemptuous of it and that his perceptions are dulled by custom. He may be blind to the vital significance of my symptoms. Nothing therefore that he can do can restore him to my confidence. If I get worse it is through his blunder; if I get well it is owing to the inherent nobility of my constitution. And in either case I inevitably regard him as a man who may be very well for ordinary, everyday people, but who is unworthy to attend upon me.

Then there is the doctor who takes you too seriously, and he is the most undesirable of all. He forbids you this and that and tells you that you must not smoke at all for three weeks, and also gives you other commands which, as he ought to know, any child would disobey. You do not choose him a second time. Perhaps the most alluring type of doctor is he who flatters you by assuming that you have a scientific knowledge almost equal to his own and who discusses your symptoms, not in insulting language which you can understand, but in the terms which he would employ if he were consulting with a fellow practitioner. He takes you into his confidence as it were. He says, "I am not going to give you medicine because you are quite sensible enough not to believe in it. I have found that a little dry champagne in these cases works wonders; but there is one thing you must on no account touch, and that is sherry". Here he draws a bow, pretty safely, at a venture, hoping that you detest sherry. If, on the other hand, it should have proved to be a really bad shot, and that you really are fond of sherry, he will say, "Very well, then, a glass or two of dry sherry; but, remember, no champagne"! The two tastes hardly ever go together. The ideal doctor will proceed on a system of this kind, but he will, in addition, cure you. That is essential. What one asks from a doctor is, in short, that he will employ the particular kind of manner and method which is most attractive to you, and that he will, in addition, get rid of your ailment. It is asking a good deal, I admit, but one does ask a good deal from doctors; and, to do them justice, one generally gets it.

There is no doubt that the old type of family physician had this great advantage over men of the more modern school—that he did acquire the knack of approaching every case with a gravity and seriousness, or appearance of gravity and seriousness, which were very reassuring to the patient. Something of the mystic, or at any rate some sense that there is a mystery in the healer's art, was part of the equipment of the old physician. The modern attempt to treat the practice of medicine as an exact science has not been entirely successful. The truth is that healing is an art, and not a science. It is an art of which science is the handmaid, not a science with a little art thrown in. And when this is understood, all the gravity, all the mystery, and all the ritual that accompanied the old "bedside manner" have a certain use and propriety. How wonderful is the sensation of confidence and hope which a really impressive manner, backed by sound knowledge and experience, can inspire in a sick person! You may say that it is the knowledge and experience that effect the cure, and not the manner; and yet we have all known cases in which the most undeniable attainments, being allied with an awkward, diffident, or unsympathetic manner, have failed to inspire just that degree of confidence that will induce a patient to make the little effort that may be vital to recovery. We all have our superstitions; in the slums it is the exhibition of some black and nauseous draught which inspires the patient with confidence in his doctor's ability;

in my case, the draught must be of a little more subtle and delicate kind, and be administered per aurem instead of by the mouth; but the difference is only the difference of composition; the draught or the cachet, the bolus or the linctus, must still be administered. I see that the Government are to make the doctors a certain allowance for the drugs they use; but I fear they will make them no allowance for, and so probably discourage, the use of those more subtle, intellectual applications which give such variety and such pleasure to the experience of being mildly out of sorts.

A FORGOTTEN OPERA.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

A FEW years ago—to be exact, or as nearly exact as one can be in these days, about one hundred and thirty years ago—a composer named Mozart composed an opera called "The Magic Flute". The librettist was an operatic and theatrical called Schikaneder, and his book of words shows every sign of his trade and calling. It is, excepting "Euryanthe", the stupidest libretto ever written. Mozart made out of it the greatest opera that had been written up to that date, and he became through Weber the direct ancestor of Wagner. Weber thought it the greatest opera that had been composed; Beethoven thought it the most German. Why in the name of all that is amazing a work of art should be considered great or greater according to its Germanism is a problem the reader must be left to solve—certainly I cannot solve it. When a German tells you that "The Magic Flute" was the first genuine German opera written, he means that it is the noblest opera written; and the only answer to him is that it does not follow. As a bare matter of fact Mozart never wrote a German opera. He composed a magnificent series of Italian operas, and whether they are Italian or German no greater works have been achieved or are likely to be achieved. Wagner was a doughty mortal and he wrote on a huge scale—a scale far exceeding Mozart's—but he wrote nothing finer than "Don Giovanni" or "The Magic Flute" or "Figaro". The trouble with "The Magic Flute" is that no one can well understand what it is all about. The skeleton of the story is simple and plain enough; but the recondite allusions to Freemasonry might puzzle the most enthusiastic of Freemasons and are only a snare and pitfall to one who is not a Freemason.

It is due, I think, to the incomprehensibility of this opera that it is rarely played in this country. The Germans like anything they are unable to understand: if they see a muddy pool they think it is deep: if they read or witness a play or an opera that they cannot understand they think it is profound, and they profess to understand it. So while "The Magic Flute" is constantly done in the Fatherland it is hardly ever done in England. I have heard it several times in Germany—but only once in England—and that was in a provincial town about a quarter of a century ago under the late Luigi Arditi. It was with some little astonishment that on picking up an American musical paper the other day I found the greatest nation on earth to be revelling in Mozart's masterpiece. Perhaps there was no cause for surprise; there must be as many Germans in America as there are in Germany. I would like to be in America now. At Covent Garden they would not dream of playing a Mozart opera because Mozart does not draw: even Mr. Thomas Beecham, who is wisely enthusiastic about Mozart and is also one of the Covent Garden directors, has not power to let us hear "Don Giovanni" or any other of the glorious things at Covent Garden. During his own seasons he gives them, but he has to pay for the privilege: the British Public will not pay. So Americanised Germans can hear these words and we cannot.

On the whole one cannot but admit "The Magic Flute" to be the greatest opera yet written. This semi-lunatic Schikaneder had no notion of what he was preparing for posterity when as

a purely business speculation he stuck together this farrago. Nor did Mozart when he put the music to it. But it was written in Mozart's last years when that energetic brain of his was yielding to the constant demands he made on it and he was becoming a victim to a rather disagreeable mysticism. I know nothing of Freemasonry and I cannot think that that cult had anything to do with "The Magic Flute". What Mozart saw in the ridiculous story was a parable of mankind finding, after struggles and difficulties, a quiet haven of rest. Tamino and Papageno are a couple of Pied Pipers with no gift of drawing anyone after them. In fact the libretto might have been reckoned a pantomime parody of Browning's poem had not Schikaneder taken the precaution to write it so long before Browning was born. Mozart read his own emotions into it. Harassed, fretted, a victim of the mysterious disease that killed him, with a brain that could never be still, he sought rest, only rest; and the restlessness of that brain enabled him to find perfect expression for his deepest longing. "The Magic Flute" is a sort of complement to the Requiem: the Requiem is terribly serious, morbidly gloomy: "The Magic Flute" springs from the same emotion, but the tale, so to say, is told with merriment and laughter. Take Tamino's cavatina, for instance, in the first act: the feeling is deep beyond the power of expression in words: it is the same feeling as that of the first number of the Requiem. But it is uttered light-heartedly. Something of the same mood prevails in the quintet that follows shortly after. "The Magic Flute" even more than the Requiem is a manifestation of the real Mozart: the blending of tears and laughter is there in its extraordinary beauty. It is indeed marvellous that a composer who was writing not even for money, but to oblige an impecunious rascal who did not understand the value of the wares he was buying, should have put so much of his true self into his music. In about a hundred years, when the present Covent Garden management has wended the way of all flesh, and Mr. Hammerstein's name is forgotten, those of my readers who are still enjoying the sunlight will hear, or at any rate have a chance of hearing, Mozart's masterwork. We will not want to understand it: we will take it from Mozart's standpoint and love the loveliness of the music and put up with the mysticism.

It certainly was the Germanism of "The Magic Flute" that made the opera such a favourite with Weber. But Beethoven was far too big a man to be attracted by any such nonsense. What he saw in the work was the superb workmanship and the inexhaustible energy—the mysticism also made an appeal to him, for in his later years Beethoven became as complete a mystic as our own Blake. Unless we take the mysticism into account all the sonatas after the B flat (Hammerclavier) are mere silliness, and this is even truer of the last quartets. Mozart lived his later years in a dreamland; he could not cut his meat at dinner—Constance went in everlasting terror lest he should chop off his fingers. Where his spirit wandered in those hours no one but Mozart knew, and he only revealed what he knew in his music. Where was he when he composed that unearthly middle section of "The Magic Flute" overture?—surely the strangest piece of music ever written. It is certainly not German, for no pure German ever yet imagined a spirit who was not substantial enough to bite a sausage. It was the craftsmanship that rejoiced the soul of Beethoven—who, we must remember, was not only a great man but a great artist. After Bach and Handel no such consummate contrapuntist lived; and Beethoven, not himself an especially great contrapuntist, saw where his predecessor excelled him. To-day we are all after astonishing discords: mere fine artistic work does not interest us.

Mr. Beecham is going to give us a season of opera at Covent Garden in a few weeks. I wonder whether it has occurred to him that the English public is sick to death of Richard Strauss and his agents in the Press? Because if he realises this he may think it well to leave the "Rosenkavalier", "Elektra", "Salome", and

the rest alone for a while and let us hear a few of the really great operas. Excepting "Orfeo" none of Gluck's has been done for some years; Beethoven's operetta "Fidelio" with its one glorious scene is never done at all; we never hear Weber; and, as I just said, Mozart is never performed. If a popular tenor or soprano were to take a fancy to a rôle, we should of course hear everything we want; but unless that happens, the Covent Garden management will not move. So I make this humble suggestion: let Mr. Beecham give Strauss a rest and try the experiment of giving us a treat by playing some of the things we would like to hear.

It gives me the greatest of pleasure to let my readers know that the "Musical Standard", the most aged, respectable and independent of papers devoted to music, has reduced its price to one penny per week. We English are so engrossed by music that we can hardly be induced to go to hear it and cannot by any means be induced to buy a paper in which only music is written. There are one or two trade papers which "sell", but no genuinely artistic periodical, with the sole exception of the "Chord", has yet been a commercial success. It is to be hoped that the "Musical Standard" will be one, for it is full of articles written by people who have no axes to grind and have a real enthusiasm for the art.

DEGAS AND DETAILLE.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

I AM not sure that some tender sympathy was not wasted on Degas lately. One of his pictures was sold for a fortune; whereupon newspaper men whose ignorance thought him dead and forgotten sought him on his fifth floor, found an irritated old man in a bare apartment, and promptly went out again with a few very misleading impressions. Thousands of people may think Degas poor and lonely, and probably regard him as one of the many artists who survive themselves.

It is a pity that Degas should be so churlish: he has lived long enough, seen enough and fought with enough success to be an amiable old philosopher if he chose. He is only lonely when he prefers to be; he is by no means poor: he belongs to that Parisian bourgeoisie which can spend, does spend, and understands spending better than any other; he was brought up in luxury and lived in perfect, if refined, indulgence; he always did and still goes on doing what he pleases with a concentrated resolution which may not be pleasant for others, but which apparently is very pleasant for him. As for recognition, it takes the carelessness of the public not to know that it came for him very early, that the controversies which arose in France after his earliest exhibitions, and in England towards 1895—on the subject of his "Woman with the Absinthe"—implied that he was a great artist; and finally that thanks to the annexation by the Louvre of the Camondo collection he has five or six of his works in the place he loves best in the whole world.

Degas is not at all to be pitied, but he may not be enviable. There is in him, in his life and even in his work, something hostile, a harshness hidden under artistic delight which betrays some secret sore. What the sore is we shall never know—Degas will leave no memoirs—but perhaps it is purely temperamental. One could see at the Doucet sale an engraved portrait of Degas by himself, at the age of twenty-two, which fully promised the cross septuagenarian; the long severe face still boyish in spite of the young beard, the sulky mouth, above all the cold eyes, are characteristic of that most distant of mortals, the distant youth, and the piece leaves no doubt that Degas, as he worked, enjoyed the idea.

There is the same enjoyment along with the purest devotion to art in all his works, but especially in those which came after 1878 when he knew that criticism would be antagonistic: that was his subtle way of fighting without a word. His portraits represent mostly plain people; his ballet dancers are chinless

and ratlike; his laundry girls mercilessly professional; his jockeys also are obviously chosen because they offer interesting lines and nothing human. His Miss Lola rising up to the roof of the circus along a wire would be graceful, but as she gives us the creeps the painter does not mind. It is only in his larger dancing scenes that Degas condescends not to emphasise ugliness and gives himself up to the enjoyment of perfect lines in numberless combinations. There you can see that this ruthless painter of so-called realistic things was a true artist in his sullen worship of beauty. But his meaning is invariably for the happy few. I am not surprised that his "Absinthe" gave offence; yet here, as everywhere else, the secret intention was visible: the painter did not mind criticism falling foul of his besotted woman—perhaps he knew that the wretched figure would give rise to some useful if very obvious humanitarianism—because he had revelled in his conception of the man—his and Taine's friend—Desboutsin, the typical artist, full of life and energy, puffing away at his cigarette with his eyes looking at something far away, miles from the waif beside him. There is rare depth in this apparent cruelty.

It is needless to speak of Degas as a lover of light, and of the most delicate shades—whites and mother-of-pearl—which pastel above all can produce. Even the least experienced, even those whom Degas looks upon as the most hopeless Philistines, notice them in his works.

What we should tell, and never be tired of repeating, is that this best known of Impressionists—he hates the name—this worshipper of light, is not only pre-eminently a draughtsman—anyone can see that, and nobody is surprised to hear that he still daily adds to numberless portfolios—but that he also claims kinship with and has no greater admiration than Ingres. He was a pupil of Lamothe, who belonged to Ingres' atelier, even a pupil of the Beaux-Arts; he aimed at being a painter of historical scenes, he consumed years, in copying engravings—according to the oldest formula—later on in copying after the early Italians, the early French, Clouet especially, and Holbein—in fact, all the careful and industrious artists; he still holds that copying from nature is a bad beginning and outdoor painting a dangerous process; in short, he belongs much more to tradition than to revolution, and I am afraid abominates most of his admirers quite as much as his critics. This is too good a lesson for us to lose it.

Nobody could be more strikingly in contrast with Degas than Detaille, the typical happy man, handsome man, kind and warm-hearted man. He lived among universal sympathy from great and small, and has just been buried amidst a tremendous military display, with all the tokens of official admiration, and much more like a beloved statesman than a mere artist. The coincidence of his death with Degas' popularity was sure to circulate a few biting speeches of the survivor on his too successful brother: "painter on steel" he called him. Degas is well known for his mots, and mots are often unjust; but Degas, even if he tried to be just, would be a bad judge of Detaille's work. Degas is characteristically a Parisian, in the restricted meaning which the word has taken on since Balzac, and above all since Balzac's disciples under the Second Empire, while Detaille is distinctly a Frenchman. Degas belongs to a school which, in its beautiful detachment from everything but art, has become dangerously indifferent to anything except art. Himself meant no harm, and showed in 1870 that he was as good a patriot as any, but the principle of *l'art pour l'art* which triumphs in all his works was too inhuman to be wholesome. The literary school of the Second Empire and the early times of the Republic, with whom the animus of painters and sculptors was an obsession, affected the same Olympian indifference. The result was in the long run the production of Zola's "La Débâcle", and the aloofness from practical consequences which filtering from literature to life crystallised in the not very intelligent though smart attitude called Parisianism. It is a very great shame that a man of Degas' merit should in spite of himself be better described as a

Parisian than as a Frenchman. And it is no small credit to Detaille that it should be just the reverse with him. His pictures may be only magnified anecdotes, Meissonier on a huge scale, or the exaltation of the panache, but they represent an emotional side of art which is after all nearer an idea than Degas' subtle epicurism. This in a man who was born in 1848 and grew up in the materialist atmosphere of those days means high-mindedness. It is something to have been the *Déroulède* of painters. As to artistic value, even leaving aside their inspiration—which is no art, as you know, except in the Futurists' pictures—Detaille's works are not to be treated as mere machines. He too had numberless drawings piled up in his house, and the draughtsman appears in all his things. Nobody can stand before the "Surrender of Huningue" at the Luxembourg without noticing that the drummer-boy in front actually moves, and that his motion is felt throughout the big canvas. Such a rare effect may induce us not to speak too harshly of the colouring, which is certainly dry and dull.

BACON OR SHAKESPEARE AGAIN.

By JOHN PALMER.

WRITING from Ratisbon in the 'eighties—the 'eighties of the seventeenth century—Sir George Etherege amuses his friend the Duke of Buckingham by suggesting how very differently life might be conducted if we were able to reckon our years according to the Patriarchs. Etherege, if he had lived at any time within the last half-century, would undoubtedly have added the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy to the list of things that become reasonable and possible in a life of nine hundred years. But, as the generations at present go, "Bacon or Shakespeare?" is one of those questions which most of us put aside for consideration at some future time. Some of you may one day or another have been put into a corner by this or that ardent Baconian, who said:

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To which you discreetly answered: "Very possibly. One day, when I have attended to some rather pressing public or private business, I will look into it." But the years pass; "Bacon or Shakespeare?" still lurks reproachfully at the back of your mind; and in moments of more than usual sincerity you realise that at the moment of death "Bacon or Shakespeare?" will be one of a great host of things too long neglected.

But Andrew Lang, in a crowded life, found time for Bacon or Shakespeare. I find a tristful irony in the circumstance that his final verdict* upon this controversy was the work of his last years, published posthumously. It lies before me as I write, a solemn reminder that even he, who in his fine manner of mingled pleasantries and scholarship took all knowledge for his province, was in this instance very nearly intercepted. "Now or never", this volume seems to say, "if you honestly intend to go into Bacon or Shakespeare, is the time to do so." Moreover, this book of Lang is more than a memento mori for the literary conscience. It is a warning; but it is also a bribe. Not only has Lang written a closely reasoned and a very valuable introduction to the minutiae of a subject whose demands on a reader's erudition are usually quite appalling. He has also managed to give us an extremely entertaining book. Lang, apart from his rare gift for lively exposition, knew the full value of an occasional discreet diversion from the narrow way. Thus, Baconians have constructed some very ingenious arguments upon the absence of any striking local tradition as to the illiterate Will in his native town of Stratford. Why, Lang has asked in his liveliest manner, should this absence of local tradition in an unlettered town, which Will

* "Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1912. 9s. net.

abandoned in early youth and returned to in uneventful middle-age, be held in any way remarkable? He continues:

"In 1866 I was an undergraduate of a year's standing at Balliol College, Oxford, certainly not an unlettered academy. In that year the early and the best poems of a considerable Balliol poet were published: he had 'gone down' some eight years before. Being young and green I eagerly sought for traditions about Mr. Swinburne. One of his contemporaries, who took a First in the final classical schools, told me that he was a 'smug'. Another, that, as Mr. Swinburne and his friend (later a Scotch professor) were not cricketers, they proposed that they should combine to pay but a single subscription to the Cricket Club. A third, a tutor of the highest reputation as a moralist and metaphysician, merely smiled at my early enthusiasm—and told me nothing. A white-haired college servant said that 'Mr. Swinburne was a very quiet gentleman' . . .

"A very humble parallel may follow. Some foolish person went seeking early anecdotes at my native town, Selkirk on the Ettrick. From an intelligent townsman he gathered much that was true and interesting about my younger brothers, who delighted in horses and dogs, hunted, shot, and fished, and played cricket; one of them bowled for Gloucestershire and Oxford. But about me the inquiring literary snipe only heard that 'Andra was aye the stupid ane o' the fam'ly.' Yet I, too, had bowled for the local club, non sine gloria! Even that was forgotten."

Obviously a book upon Shakespeare or Bacon, with diversions (not impertinent to the argument: no good diversions are) as pleasant as these, may be read as much for pleasure as for duty. Here, in fact, is the chance so dear to Mr. Bernard Shaw's Englishman of laying up treasure simultaneously upon earth and in heaven.

Personally I have read for pleasure. Bacon or Shakespeare is still, for me, one of the many enormous problems that I prefer for the moment to put aside. But there are two particular assumptions of the Baconians, ably dealt with in this book of Andrew Lang, which seem to me very clearly to point one or two necessary morals of this unhappy time. First, there is the impious assumption that no good thing could possibly come out of Stratford. The Baconians argue that unlettered, barbarian Will, a poacher, who held horses in London, and was a vagabond under the Act, and at most had no more Latin and Greek than could be driven into him at a country grammar school—that this disreputable oaf could no more have written "Hamlet" than Bottom the ass. Discounting the abuse which the Baconians persistently shower upon poor Will, a player in the company of Burbage, for daring to have stood between illustrious Verulam and his just renown, this particular line of argument amounts to an assumption that genius is necessarily made, not born; that, if any one of us would write "Hamlet" or "Macbeth", it must needs be that a University education has shaped our ends, rough-hew them how we will. This theory of the Divine Right of Secondary Education, emerging in the late nineteenth century, is now so firmly rooted in our midst that many Baconians solemnly begin their contention that Bacon is Shakespeare with the assumption that only a B.A. who moved in the very best society could successfully have furnished forth the folio of 1623. They openly appeal to a generation which really believes that miracles are ceased.

Such, if, for our moral's sake, we accept the Baconian view of the life and character of unfortunate Will, is the first staggering assumption of the Baconians—namely, that souls are to be saved with a syllabus; that genius is only to be found above the woollack, or upon a platform, or in the chair of a duly elected Professor of English Poetry; that, because the Stratford "peasant" had neglected the Hundred Best Books, therefore it is necessary to look for the author of "Hamlet" somewhere else. The second assumption is equally wonderful. It has to do with what the Baconians have called the SILENCE about Shakespeare. Is it not very strange, they say, that so little can be discovered about the man who wrote these won-

derful plays? Why did he make so small a splash in the world? Consider how little we can discover about him! Is it not very strange?

Granted. In the view of this twentieth century that has discovered the uses of advertisement, that trumpets the reputation of its little great ones on every possible occasion and writes their biographies before they have decently expired, it is exceeding strange—a strangeness that, oddly enough, began to strike people at about the same time as that other miracle concerning the Shakespeare mystery which we have already examined. Perhaps I may at this point recommend to the notice of all such as too readily assume that the world was always very much as we know it to-day a case equally strange and disconcerting. Sir George Etherege, whose name I happened to mention at the head of this article, was the founder of the English comedy of manners. Nobody knows when he was born; when or where he was married; when he died; why he began to write comedies in 1664; or why he left off writing them in 1676.

Needless to say, when I really make up my mind to go into this Bacon or Shakespeare business I shall neither admit that miracles are ceased nor assume that a great personage has always of necessity employed a Press agent. And I only hope, without any very sanguine expectation of success, that when the time comes I may keep my head and my temper as imperiturbably as Andrew Lang, and write a book one-half as agreeable.

LA PAIX.

By H. COLLINSON OWEN.

"LA PAIX UNIVERSELLE!" exclaims M. Durand, nearing the close of a discourse on a subject dear to him. "There is the end towards which we must strive. To think that the Powers of Europe should have meditated for a moment on the infamy of fighting each other because of the quarrels of a group of small states speaking strange tongues in a half-civilised corner of Europe! C'est fantastique! France has no quarrel with Germany. Nor has England. Eh bien, restons en paix!" And having settled the matter to his entire satisfaction M. Durand calls out energetically "Garçon, encore deux bocks!"

We are sitting on the crowded terrace of a boulevard café, near the grateful warmth of a huge brasier, and the talk has turned on the inevitable subject of the European situation. The evening papers are full of it, but not so charged with the subject as M. Durand. He has dim memories of "L'année terrible", and war, he always says, is stupid, and an infamy. He has been to Berlin on business. "C'est un peuple étonnant", he says, and he has little sympathy with the campaign waged daily in the Press against "Made in Germany". He was a little disturbed by the "coup d'Agadir", being above all a good Frenchman, in spite of his dreams of universal peace. But diplomacy solved the difference, he says, and diplomacy and goodwill can be relied upon to solve any other that may arise. The Conference of Ambassadors in London has aroused his keenest enthusiasm. It is the triumph of his own point of view, the vindication of all his fond theories, which in these electric days of "the New France" need courage to maintain them. "That is the way towards progress" he says exultingly. "Your Sir Edward has done excellently. The peoples of Europe do not want war. Let their leaders and rulers only give themselves the trouble to understand each other, and there will be no more wars. Jamais!"

It is thus that he has talked, sipping his bock, while the endless boulevard crowd drifts before us. And he has hardly brought his words to a vigorous conclusion when we become aware that there is some disturbance proceeding inside the crowded café behind us. There is the sound of a loud, angry voice, and heads are turned from all directions. But whatever is passing is hidden from us, although we can see by the signs of excitement on the faces of those who are better placed that it is an affair of some importance.

M. Durand is immediately interested. "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, à l'intérieur?" he asks as Pierre, our stout waiter, hurries past. Pierre, without replying, disappears inside the café, where the loud voice is still heard, but a minute later he reappears and brings news.

It seems, says Pierre, that there is a German in there, accompanied by a German lady, no doubt his wife, and sitting at the next table is a client of the house well known to Pierre, an officier de réserve, who is there every evening. For some reason, of which Pierre is ignorant, a quarrel has arisen, and the officier de réserve is even at this moment standing up with his fist in the German's face, calling him *sale Prussien*, and all the other insults he can think of. "Tiens!" exclaims M. Durand with excitement. "And what is he doing, this German?" "He has done nothing", Pierre replies. He is also standing up, with a very white face, staring at the waving fist of his aggressor, but he has not uttered a word. "Très bien, très bien!" exclaims M. Durand. And Pierre, with a shout of "Vlà, m'sieu!" hurries away.

The voice has died down abruptly, and suddenly in the doorway appears a well-built man of forty, his face red with anger. It is evidently the officier de réserve, for as he reaches the doorway he turns round as if to stride back into the café. But a friend with him lays a restraining hand on his arm. "Allons, be reasonable", he says persuasively. "He has done nothing, after all." With difficulty the officier de réserve is coaxed on to the terrace, where every eye is bent upon him. But again his anger breaks out, and he addresses himself precipitately to the crowd at the tables, his face aflame. "Un *sale Allemand* qui m'a insulté!" he cries, his hand thrown out appealingly. "He laughed in my face, and made remarks to the woman who accompanies him. Ah, non, c'est insupportable, messieurs! Un *Prussien*! I've called him all I can think of, and he does not say a word. One word only, and I would have struck him. Un *Prussien*!" The cause of the quarrel is still sufficiently obscure, but the intense anger of the officier de réserve is plain enough. There must, then, be good reason for his anger. A murmur of sympathy goes up. "Vous avez raison, monsieur", boldly exclaims a portly bourgeois at a table, and the phrase becomes a chorus. "Il a raison" goes up from several tables. "Parfaitement, j'ai raison!" cries the officier de réserve, his flame of anger fanned to a white heat by the sympathy of those around. "And, messieurs", he continues with sudden resolution, "I rest here. Je l'attends. Wait until he comes out. We shall see!" Vainly the friend tries to persuade him to leave. He is obdurate. He plumps down into a chair immediately by the doorway. "J'y suis, j'y reste!" he exclaims dramatically. "He shall not escape me!" A little crowd of people has gathered on the footpath. The "consommateurs" at the tables discuss the affair with animation. The men explain the whole matter fully to their wives. "Here is a German who has insulted this gentleman, alors—" and the wave of the hand is eloquent of the great principle that honour must be satisfied; of the impossibility of allowing a German so to conduct himself with a Frenchman. The women cast sympathetic glances at the officier de réserve as he sits glowering in his chair. Here and there one can still hear "Certainement, qu'il a raison!"

Minutes pass, and all eyes are on the door. The air is charged with tension and excitement, and there is hardly a sound on the terrace. "I feel sorry for this German. He does not appear to have done much", says M. Durand. And then a thrill runs through the watchers as the officier de réserve is seen suddenly to jump up and walk to the pavement, where he takes up a forbidding attitude, his gaze directed to the interior of the café. In the doorway appears a slim young man in pince-nez and with close-cropped hair, followed by a neatly dressed and rather pretty young woman. The German sees his waiting enemy as he reaches the doorway, and stiffens. It is a trying moment for him. Scores of hostile eyes gaze at him, and he is very pale

as he walks through the silent people at the tables. And as he reaches the pavement and faces his enemy once more, the officier de réserve bends forward and hisses something at him.

Whatever it is, the German understands, and his face flushes as he recoils a step. In that moment the officier de réserve steps forward, his fist raised to strike. And then a most unexpected thing happens. The slim young German, his face suddenly contorted with passion, leaps on his enemy, and with an incredibly swift right and left strikes the officier de réserve full in the face and knocks him, dazed and bewildered, right across the pavement, where he collapses against a newspaper kiosk. A gasp of astonishment goes up from the people at the tables. The surprising thing has all happened in a second, and before the officier de réserve has recovered himself the German and his companion have wisely left the scene and disappeared down the boulevard.

The officier de réserve is incoherent and almost tearful as he stands once more in the centre of the pavement. His face bears evidence of the force of his opponent's blows, and one eye is closed. His expression is one of blank amazement, and he stutters broken phrases. "Mon Dieu . . . comment . . . le cochon!" He is surrounded immediately by people from the terrace, who condole with him as he pats his face gently with a handkerchief, and there are cries that it is lucky for the German that he has escaped. "Le *sale Prussien*!" exclaims the astonished man brokenly. "Could one have believed!" And suddenly into the circle of sympathisers pushes a faded little woman in black, the keeper of the newspaper kiosk. "I saw it all!" she cries shrilly, shaking her fist in the face of the unhappy hero. "And are you not ashamed? A stranger, even if he is a German, who is here all alone. To attack him in such fashion! Ah! vous l'avez bien mérité!" The circle of sympathisers turns away, abashed. And the officier de réserve, staring stupidly at the woman out of his one eye, laughs hysterically. "Ah, I like that! J'en ai encaissé deux"—and he puts a hand to his injured face—"et des belles! And you, a Frenchwoman, come and side with this *Prussien*! Ah! It needed only that! Merci, madame, merci mille fois!" And bowing ironically he picks up his hat and walks away, utterly broken and bewildered. An agent-de-police appears and looks round for an explanation of the disturbance, but there is nothing left for him to do.

"That is an excellent, an admirable woman!" observes M. Durand. And stepping over to the kiosk where the little woman, still boiling with indignation, a picture of honest fury, has resumed her patient vigil, he purchases the "Temps". And then: "Madame", he says, raising his hat, "I honour you for what you have done. The fact that a man is a German is no reason for his being massacred in the heart of Paris. Et vive la paix!"

THE BLACKCOCK.

By EDMUND SELOUS.

THOUGH the true home of the blackcock is amidst the great pine forests of northern Europe, yet its habits, including those particularly interesting ones which belong to the nuptial season, can be as well studied within the four seas of Great Britain, and that not only in Scotland, where firs abound, but in many parts of England also. Here, in most cases, the moor takes the place of the forest, or rather represents those clearings in the forest where the birds meet together on successive May mornings to swell with love or ruffle in martial defiance. So early is the rendezvous that the stars still shine and there is as yet no glimmer of dawning, when some half-dozen shadowy forms, printed a little blacker on the blackness of the sky, come whirling high over the beech-hedge, in a deer-gap of which you sit waiting, and sink down at some distance beyond it. Then at once on all sides the shadows of the earth become musical

with various notes, amongst which a full rolling one ("roorr-roorr-roorr-roorr-roo-ookeler-ookeler") rising and falling in different tones and inflexions, and becoming, at last, by fancy, a regular sentence, which when once imagined there is no escaping from, plays the part of constant, to which the rest are variants. This, in Scandinavia, goes on almost continuously; indeed there is hardly a moment of the first early hours of the morning when it is not heard somewhere, usually in twenty different places, owing not merely to the number of the birds themselves, but still more perhaps to the all-surrounding ocean of fir-trees in which they love best to sit whilst thus intoning. On our own moors, however, where trees of any kind are either wanting or make a quite inconsiderable feature, this inspiring music is not nearly so constant, and proceeding only from the actual place of meeting, close at hand, is heard to much less advantage than where distance adds her softening charm. Other notes are a fierce, harsh "tchu-whai" or "tchu-wheesh"—often very loud and coming very suddenly and scapily out of the gloom—a sort of hissing or sneezing sound, which may be but the last syllable of the foregoing, a deep, long-drawn "tchu-u-u-u", a still more prolonged "chor-r-r-r-r-r-r-r", and a very soft and plaintive "choc-kerada" or "choc-choc-kerada" which, however, is, of all, the most warlike, and, though often uttered in vain, yet invariably precedes a true battle. There is also, but more rarely, a loud "tchuck, tchuck", uttered by the hens and something (rarer still) approaching to a whistle, for which they seem also responsible. But all these are like some sharper dashings of the waves, that rise for a moment or two above their blended and uniform cadence, and then sink back into it again. It is the unending "rookeling" or "whirbling" (one must find a name for it) that pervades and dominates, making an atmosphere of sound.

One remarkable feature in this early morning hymn of the blackcocks (as heard in the Northland) for which no ordinary prosaic explanation seems at hand, is that, all at once, in the very flood-tide of it, there is suddenly a hush and pause—the forests are silent, the air ceases to reverberate, "and no birds sing". This strange cessation, which—perhaps for the very reason that no cause can be assigned for it—seems to have some deep significance, takes place always a little before the advent of day. It is light, but still not daylight. Frost is over moss, grass and bog-heather, and amidst the sombre green of the fir-trees the slender white stems of the birches slash the air with innumerable perpendicular cuts. All the sky to the westward is now a deep, dusky blue—almost purple—whilst slowly from the eastern horizon a brightness begins to climb. Then, as the sun fires the fir-tops a little, but before he has crested them, the full concert bursts forth again. Morning after morning one may note this strange phenomenon—for no less I account it. It is as though the birds knew that the sun were on the point of appearing and paused for him to appear, greeting then with glad hearts the first fire of his beams in the forest.

The first "early-rising" birds have not long flown into the arena before they are followed by others, and these again by others, descending upon it either singly or in small batches; but for some time after their arrival nothing more is to be seen of them. Flakes of darkness themselves, but just distinguishable for a hurrying moment, amidst it they have been reabsorbed into its general bosom, out of which there comes now only the invisible babble of sound. But as it lightens, slowly one begins to see first the white tail feathers of the male birds flashing here and there through the gloom, and then the rich, deep black of their general plumage, against which, like the wing-plumes of the ostrich, these stand beautifully out, till at length not only the birds but their actions also become plainly visible. These consist mostly of advances, more or less swift, upon one another, with occasional excited leaps into the air, but these mutual threatenings seldom pass into actual conflict and are comparatively unin-

teresting; it is with the hens that the real drama is to develop itself.

Some, but not nearly so many, of these are also on the assembly ground, and as the dim dawning struggles into the light of day courtship on the part of the males becomes more and more active. In what does this consist? Those who have read any book at all, learned or popular, on the subject may be surprised to learn that the frantic succession of leaps, known as the "dance", and always assumed to be the very essence of the performance, plays no part in it whatever—does not in fact exist as far as the actual wooing is concerned. That the cock does act in this way is undoubted, but it is in other circumstances and inspired not by love but by hate. His present object is to please a feminine audience, and so well does he know its taste and limitations that, having it in his power to cut a wild, a romantic, a picturesquely interesting figure, he forbears to do so and devotes all his energies to setting forth, in the most telling manner, the chief points of his plumage—his dress. These he emphasises; in these alone he believes. Wild leaps and frenzied movements may indeed, and no doubt do, produce a general artistic effect, but no special merit of the attire is thus set forth, and it is this kind of merit, "Le mérite élatant de sa perruque blonde" etc. (*mutatis mutandis*) that is now in demand. There is a particular way in which every one of the more salient adornments which the male bird possesses can be shown to the best advantage, but jumping is not one of those ways. It is not a dress pose, and in the violence and speed of such a motion details which, to judge of the whole, must be considered separately, are blurred and jumbled together. Conscious of this, whenever a hen passes over the arena, every heedful beau, as she comes into his own sphere of influence, approaches, and walking beside her, with a foot or two only intervening, tilts his body in such a manner that she gets a near view of its whole upper surface, whilst at the same time he carefully droops and spreads the wing that is nearest to her. The tail—a great feature—shares in this tilt of the body, and is twisted in such a manner that the whole Cupid's bow of it is visible, whilst the head, being lowered, brings the crimson comb and the swelled glossy neck into one general line with the whole. Thus as much as she can get of all that is specially worth seeing in a single coup d'œil the hen does get, and this even includes the ends of the white tail-feathers, which show very effectively between the black curled ones on either side. This, however, is not enough. To have their full effect, these snowy plumes must be viewed from behind. Therefore, the blackcock, having outstepped the hen he is courting, instead of turning immediately, keeps on for a little before her—which is doing all he can in her behalf. He then returns upon her other side, and facing round before he has passed out of her sight tilts himself now towards her in the opposite direction to before, and spreads and droops the other wing. Thus the courting continues, and it is significant that the few steps wanting to make the full circle of the cock around the hen are just those which, were he to take them, would bring him directly behind her, and so, in consequence, out of view.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BALKAN STATES AND TOLERATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10A Rue Kriezotou Athens

3 January 1913 (N.S.).

SIR—In your issue of 28 December Mr. Raffalovich does not, I think, state his case quite justly. The history of the Macedonian "Bands" is, however, so little understood at home that I am not surprised at this; but in fairness to the Balkan States perhaps you

* I do not mean, nor am I prepared to say, that this is always so. Hardly anything is, in field natural history.

will allow me to put the matter clearly before your readers.

Suppose it were proposed (on the wish of the Swiss people) that, ten years hence, Switzerland should be divided up among Austria, France and Italy, each Power receiving such territory as is occupied by people speaking German, French and Italian respectively, and suppose, during those ten years, the Swiss Government were more or less paralysed, is it not probable that bands of enthusiasts, from, let us say, Geneva, aided by French adventurers, would wish to extend the prospective French territory in districts towards Lucerne, where neither French nor German speech is now preponderant? And would it surprise anyone if the methods they adopted left something to be desired from the humanitarian point of view?

This is very much what has happened in Macedonia—except that, because this province contains no very marked natural divisions, the various nationalities are far more intimately mixed together, with the result that the bands have carried their propagandist methods into the remotest corners.

But once the division of Macedonia among the Balkan States is an accomplished fact, there will be no further spur to the energies of the enthusiasts, and it seems to me that they will have everything to gain by settling down quietly side by side with those of alien race. I cannot speak for Serbia or Bulgaria, but it is notorious that the Moslem inhabitants of Thessaly enjoy complete peace and freedom under Greek rule. True, they are slowly disappearing; but this is because a Turk (and a Jew also) is incapable of making a living in open competition with a Greek. Anyone who has visited Volo, however, must know that the local mosque is in no way interfered with by the Greeks.

I am etc. H. CAMPBELL.

THE IMPERIAL FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Grosvenor House London W.
8 January 1913.

SIR—The Dominions have already gone far to establish a complete trade-partnership among themselves, and have given valuable advantages to British goods over foreign in their own ports. For many years now the Dominions have asked us to treat them a little better than the foreigner in our markets. We already raise a large revenue every year by import duties on articles of food consumption. It only requires a slight readjustment of our fiscal system to enable us to make an Empire trade-partnership an accomplished fact.

What will be the result if we refuse? We shall not only destroy the idea itself, but discourage the whole movement towards closer unity within the Empire, for fiscal union is, and always has been, a necessary preliminary to all forms of political union. Secondly, we shall lose those advantages which our manufactures now enjoy in Colonial markets, and the immense value of which was so frankly acknowledged at the last Imperial Conference, both by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. Thirdly, we shall make a very poor return to Canadians for their rejection of the proposal for closer trade relations with the United States. The opportunity is still open to us of securing the main share of a rapidly expanding Imperial trade, of increasing the number of our best customers, and of laying the foundation of a United Empire. If we lose that opportunity it can never return. The times are critical. The Imperial Fund has been established to foster a great work of popular education, and at the beginning of this year it enters upon a new campaign.

Funds are needed. The founders of the Imperial Fund appeal for large or very large subscriptions, but they will be glad to receive small amounts from those who cannot give much. All communications should be addressed to the Organiser, Imperial Fund, Grosvenor House, London W. Cheques should be made out to the Imperial Fund and be crossed Lloyds Bank.

Yours faithfully
WESTMINSTER.

HOME RULE AND THE LONDONDERRY ELECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—The Nationalists have been declaring for some time past that they have a majority of the electors of Londonderry (town) on their side, and will turn it on the next vacancy. Whether they can do so is now to be tested, and I hope there will be a square fight. If they win they will claim to represent Ulster, as there will be seventeen of them to sixteen Unionists returned from Ulster to the present Parliament.

Let me just point out what this claim will be worth. The seventeen Unionist members for Ulster represent a population of 949,000. The sixteen Nationalists represent a population of 632,000. The population of Londonderry (town) is a little under 41,000. Transferring this from one side to the other, the Unionist members for Ulster (sixteen) will represent a population of 908,000, while the Nationalists (seventeen) will represent a population of 673,000 (the province contains 690,000 Catholics and 890,000 non-Catholics).

The Home Rule Bill contains a schedule of seats, professedly based on population, for the proposed Irish Parliament; fifty-nine seats are allotted to Ulster. Of these, thirty-seven go to the constituencies which at present return Unionists, and only twenty-two to those which at present return Nationalists, Londonderry town is awarded two seats. Transferring these, the figures would stand: Unionists, thirty-five; Nationalists, twenty-four.

Truly yours
HIBERNICUS.

THE LIE OF THE LAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft near Leeds
6 January 1913.

SIR—The French peasant proprietor—as Mr. Morgan surely knows—started the system of limited families mainly for two reasons: first in order to restrict the number of his heirs and the consequent subdivision of his holding, and secondly because maternity causes a serious disturbance of that active co-operation of the wife in the business of the farm which is so necessary for the success of small husbandry.

In general the same causes produce the same results, and whatever Mr. Morgan may wish it is only too probable that the English peasant proprietor would follow the example of the French cultivator in this respect. It is easy to reprobate such a course, but when we remember that the peasant owner has to depend on himself and his wife for the success of his undertaking we must admit that the temptation to do without children is very great.

As for the alleged undermanning of English farms, in regard to the labour employed upon them they certainly compare favourably with the Canadian farms, which are at present swamping our markets with their wheat. Nor in this connexion must we forget that the Small Holdings Act is a distinct discouragement to high farming, inasmuch as it is the best cultivated farms which are most likely to be coveted by the County Councils.

Referring to the high prices said to have been paid for land by County Councils, this only proves the folly of allowing public bodies to go into the business of landowning, for which, from their political constitution and for other reasons, they are quite unfitted. It is quite possible, however, that the prices were not too high, for most land in rural England has a prospective, or development, value as well as an agricultural value, and although the former is not considered in the case of rental it has to be paid for in the case of purchase. This is one reason why renting land is better for the farmer than buying it, since he only wants to pay for its agricultural value. Of course, too, position makes all the difference in price, and in this connexion I may mention a farm of mine in Suffolk, part of which is worth about £70 and part about £7 an acre, the

former being frontage land and the latter back land a mile or more from a high-road.

Yours faithfully
C. F. RYDER.

THE GREEK FATHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 January 1913.

SIR—When I get it I always read the SATURDAY REVIEW with great interest. Unfortunately I see it very late; but I hope it is not now too late to ask you to insert a brief correction, suggested by a sentence found on page 680. In a review appearing in your issue of 30 November I read this statement: "Not a single one of the Greek Fathers for the first six centuries connects the position of the Bishop of Rome in the Church with our Lord's promises to S. Peter". Your reviewer admits "a genuine ascendancy over the other Churches" on the part of that of Rome, "before the first century had closed", but decides that this was on what he calls "purely religious grounds", an odd expression which seems to mean that it was an arrangement allowed as a matter of charity and practical convenience only.

All the foremost patristic scholars are agreed that the Fathers in question habitually wrote and acted as if it were an undoubted fact that whatever position it was which S. Peter really held in the Church was held also by his successors.

Thus we find S. Chrysostom, S. Cyril of Jerusalem, S. Cyril of Alexandria, and S. Gregory Nazianzen (Fathers sufficiently representative of "the first six centuries") constantly and consistently using such terms as e.g. *προστάτης*, *πρωτοστάτης*, *ηγούμενος*, *ἀρχος*, *ἐπαρχος*, in a way which can by no ingenuity be made to intend a "purely religious" sense, except as expressing an accepted and fundamental Church dogma, and a prerogative admittedly enjoyed by the See of Rome. "God allowed him [S. Peter] to fall", said S. Chrysostom, "because He meant to make him ruler over the whole world"—it would surely be as absurd as it would be blasphemous to assume that the Church, in whose name this Greek Father spoke, supposed the Divine intention, as regards S. Peter, to have been fulfilled by the residence for a few years at Rome (and his crucifixion there as a slave) of an obscure Jew who lived at a time when Christianity, for the "whole world" of that day, was no more than an insignificant and beggarly sect of Judaic Nonconformity.

Yours obediently
M. A. C.

[Our observation was contained in a review of Mr. Denny's "Papalism", to which book we refer our correspondent. It would be impossible for us in a note to discuss the attitude of the Greek Fathers to the Papal claims. To refer however to one of those on whom M. A. C. relies, S. Cyril of Alexandria calls S. Peter a *προστάτης* of the Church, but he couples him in this connexion with S. Paul, and to him both the Apostles are *προστάται*.—Ed. S.R.]

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Athenæum Pall Mall S.W.

SIR—All artists, real ones, are both Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. The Impressionist to impress must be a swift, accurate draughtsman and colourist. The Post-Impressionist to impress must have an instructed memory, besides being a learned draughtsman and sensitive colourist.

As far as they have as yet shown, the Post-Impressionists can neither draw nor paint. Hence they are not artists. They may be something else—perhaps juvenile scientists. They play with science, their art is nil. They provide implements for the game of "letters" not "literature", and hence, I suppose, are useful to the journalist; beyond that they do not count,

and will be as swiftly forgotten as their work is swiftly negligible.

Yours very truly
W. B. RICHMOND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Surrenden Park Pluckley Kent
4 January 1913.

SIR—Permit me to thank Mr. O. Raymond Drey and Mr. Clive Bell for the very courteous tone they adopt towards me for venturing to differ from them, but unfortunately, as neither of them can tell me of a single picture he has painted, they have not yet told me what right they have to dogmatise on art. In their learned appreciations on Post-Impressionism they have unfortunately omitted one whom I consider the greatest of all Post-Impressionists. He flourished towards the end of the last century, so was a contemporary of Degas and Monet; but his style more nearly approached that of Picasso, slightly reminiscent at times of Cézanne (but of course without his minute finish). The artist I refer to was E. Lear; I had a complete catalogue of his works, but have for the moment mislaid it. He did not need a writer on art to write him a preface, to explain what his pictures were intended to represent, but wrote himself, in noble verse, under each picture explaining its purport and what phase of nature he was striving to express in paint. One particularly remains engraved in my memory; it represented a noble male head, of middle age, bent backwards, a flowing beard (in the Picasso style) blowing in the wind; under it he had sung:

"There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared,
Two owls and a hen,
Five jays and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard'".

Yours truly
WALTER WINANS.

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club 50 S. James' Street S.W.
7 January 1913.

SIR—If for no other reason than Mr. John Palmer's illumination, one reads the SATURDAY REVIEW with recurring pleasure. The dithyrambic idiocy which he chronicles and regards as a symptom of general inefficacy is indeed worthy of passing notice, but its significance is limited, for the malady is slight, local, and affects no vital organ. Herein, I should say, lies the value of this flamboyant symbol. Mr. John Palmer will not suggest that anybody will be "doing it" next year; our classic playwright may by that time reincarnate some turkey-trotting bunny-huggers, but their portraiture will only be fashionable, say, in the Hebrides. The wealthy Anglo-Americans who seek inspiration from musical comedies and variety shows no longer influence society at large. London is not England, and the West End is not London's heart; the rule of the plutocratic republican and the pseudo-aristocrat is over. The star of the English Renaissance has risen.

Yours obediently
SYDNEY SCHIFF.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Amberley House Norfolk Street Strand W.C.
7 January 1913.

SIR—I have read the article entitled "The Doctor Faith-Healer" in your issue of the 4th inst., but I regret that the writer should have thought fit to include in it statements long since worn threadbare with regard to Christian Science. It is quite true that the feature of Christian Science which appeals most forcibly to the inquirer is that by its means disease is healed without the use of drugs. The physical healing is, however, by no means the most important feature. It is equally true that many turn to Christian Science because they

have endeavoured to find relief from numerous sources but have failed; but, as Mrs. Eddy writes, on page 2 of "Rudimental Divine Science", "Healing physical sickness is the smallest part of Christian Science. It is only the bugle-call to thought and action, in the higher range of infinite goodness. The emphatic purpose of Christian Science is the healing of sin". Christian Science not only heals the sick but protects those who practise its teachings from sickness, and proves that, as Christ Jesus explained to the Scribes, sin and sickness are to be healed in one and the same way.

The healing in Christian Science is brought about, not by exalting "the body . . . to a non-religious and selfish pre-eminence", but by being willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. In other words, Christian Science proves that the creation of God includes no more of evil, disease, sin, or discord than it did when Jesus was teaching in Galilee. He declared that a knowledge of truth would make men free. The truth, as He knew and demonstrated it, clearly was that neither sin nor sickness were real—that is, sustained by the law of God, the law he declared emphatically he had come to fulfil. Whether the remarkable results accomplished in this manner are described as "denying the existence of disease" matters little, especially to the sufferer who has been freed. The fact remains that, as Mrs. Eddy writes, on page 10 of "Rudimental Divine Science", "Disease is a thing of thought manifested on the body", and that through right thinking or the ability to discern between absolute truth and error, students of Christian Science are enabled to afford to themselves and others, in a measure at least, proof of the practical nature of the teachings of Christ Jesus, which are just as available to mankind to-day as when He first gave them to His disciples. It is true that to-day, as nineteen hundred years ago, the healing of sickness by purely metaphysical means appears unreasonable in the eyes of the world. Nevertheless, the fact that Christian Science is demonstrable and affords proof of the healing of disease of every nature is sufficient answer to the lame argument that "the science of it (is) an absurdity".

Yours truly

ALGERNON HERVEY-BATHURST.

MILESTONES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glendora Hindhead Surrey
31 December 1912.

SIR—Following my inquiry in your issue of the 28th inst. as to the existence of misleading milestones still standing in this country, I am indebted to an esteemed friend belonging to a Devonshire family for some interesting information concerning Princetown—a small community in the western quarter of Dartmoor—which was formed about 1808, soon after Dartmoor Prison was built for prisoners of war, and which was named after George IV. when Prince of Wales, Dartmoor being within the Duchy of Cornwall. The place soon acquired a certain importance, for in 1811 some nine thousand prisoners of war were located at Dartmoor (with an adequate guard of soldiers), and many of these Frenchmen were put on by their practical English captors to build the Protestant parish church and parsonage. As the local chronicles quaintly put it, after the peace the place much declined, but it subsequently revived between 1831 and 1841, when the working of the granite quarries was taken in hand.

My friend's contribution to the topic under examination is that within a certain distance of Princetown many "milestones" exist two kilometres apart, owing their origin to the fact that a proportion of the French prisoners were allowed freedom within so many miles, and as they did not understand English measurements French ones were put upon the stones.

Your obedient servant

J. LANDEFAR LUCAS,
Spectacle Makers' Company.

REVIEWS.

SORROWFULNESS.

"Poems and Songs." (Second Series.) By Richard Middleton. With Preface by Henry Savage. London: Fisher Unwin. 1912. 5s. net.

THE reader of this volume who lights early upon "Mad Harry's Vision" or "The Poet's Mistress" should be favourably inclined towards it. The first tells in nine clear and straightforward stanzas how an outcast was tended and reclaimed by a "silver girl", how he fell in love with her, and how she after thinking awhile returned his kiss on condition that he should go back to his "mother mud", and how gladly he accepted it:

"She kissed my face and lit the world, and burned
away my blood,
And now I lie and dream all day, Mad Harry in the
mud;
But with my black and oblong thoughts one white,
round thought I keep,
The vision of the silver girl, who kissed my soul
asleep."

The second is the complaint, in five stanzas, of a girl who has been kind to an importunate poet whom she did not love, and has to suffer from his sorrow when he finds that his love is dead:

"Lovers must come to earth at last,
But why should I be troubled then?
Dear God! what shall we do with men?
My birds are dumb this fortnight past."

In each poem an interesting situation is presented in a finished manner, but without achieving either perfection or any felicitous accident by the way.

It is impossible to avoid being affected in some degree by what nobody can avoid hearing about Richard Middleton's life and death. Either we must be generous to one who appears to have been neglected, or we must be bent a little in the other direction by an effort not to be merely generous to one who does not need it; and thus bent we cannot but look with astonishment on the praise of this incontinent weak man. He was an artistic man, to use a word loosely covering the senses of fastidiousness and passionateness. He had an instinctive love of verbal music, as nobody will deny who reads this stanza of "Pan":

"A rumour of the far Hesperides
Where dreams find rest across the magic deep,
And all the dim enchantment that is sleep,
Breaks from his crimson lips; the mournful trees
Rock motherly arms above his ecstasies,
And weep such tears as grieving mothers weep."

He had also several affections which prejudice most readers in his favour—affections for children, for Nature, and for sorrow. We do not know if he was a sorrowful man, but this book, at least, suggests rather a man who found it easiest to impress himself and others in speaking of sorrows. He likes to imagine an old maid sitting by a window and waiting and hearing

"The voice of my husband cry at the gate,
And the feet of my children tremulous on the stair."

He likes to imagine Death having a child by a mortal maid and losing it and therefore being kind to dead babies. He makes a child tell how she dug a hole at night to bury her doll, "poor, dead Marguerite". He makes a Guy Fawkes beg for pity because it has so little time to enjoy the children's admiration—

"So brief a time for loving, pity me!"

He invents a poet standing by the corpse of his beloved:

"Dreaming a lovely crime,
To heap her corpse with poems, to make her grave a
rhyme,
One more song of our stricken love, with the grave-
worms beating time."

It seems almost necessary to remark that this is wholly serious in intention. In effect it is scarcely more serious than the pale maidens of Queen Melanie, whose

"Bright eyes wept
Great silent tears for their long weariness".

Poem after poem repeats the febrile sorrowfulness foretold in the Prologue's second verse:

"A little question asked at dusk by one
Who gently hoped to find a meaning in it all. . . ."

He must have

"That strange song, wind-wafted from the moon,
That fills the twilight galleries of Spain
With broken words and bitter-sweet refrain".

In his "Nocturne" his comfort is that he and his love shall not weep—

"We shall not weep or suffer so,
Who sleep and wake no more".

He transfers his own feelings to earth and sun—

"'Neath the tears of night the tired earth recovers,
Spent with the anguish and passion of the sun".

We should not refuse sweetness whatever its source. We draw attention to Richard Middleton's sorrowfulness not because we set any standard for a poet's emotions, but because on paper it is ineffectual. He is really asking us to blind ourselves with pity. If we pity sufficiently we shall be able to ignore the glib style of "To Christine":

"All night before my eyes the ghostly throngs
Pass with the bitter savour of dead flowers
Crushed by dead feet, and on the sombre hours
Falls the sad sweetness of forgotten songs.
There is no glory in the dreaming sky,
For all night long the dead men wander by".

Whether his point of view was a strong one or not matters little; but it does matter that it was too easily accepted, that he was too ready to say such things as:

"All those who love are crucified".

More than once or twice when he tries to do without his sorrowfulness he exposes an ordinary poetic falsetto—as when he pictures himself

"Begging the roses for their tenderness,
The summer birds for their glad roundelays",

or as when he says that a boy's limbs had "stolen their white splendour" from a hundred streams. His only other hope is in the literalism of "A London Night":

"Winkles and chocolates, lobster mayonnaise"—

or the sudden bang of "real life" as at the end of "To Althaea, who loves me not":

"Damn you, in some queer way I love you still".

Posthumous notoriety has so pranked and veiled this work as to have earned it already several certificates of immortality, but if we clear away this and as far as possible pity also we seem to find an ordinary performance. Mr. Henry Savage assures us that there is now left unpublished a quantity of immature verse which "some editor of the future can deal with as he thinks fit".

JAPAN IN FACT.

"Empires of the Far East." By Lancelot Lawton.
Two vols. London: Grant Richards. 1912. 30s. net.

IT was inevitable that there should be a revulsion of opinion about Japan. During the Russo-Japanese war the Press of Europe was flooded with fantastic accounts of the cherry-blossom lanes and chrysanthemum slopes of a land of which the writers had seen little more than the coast ports, and with tales of the extraordinary virtues of its inhabitants, made all the more picturesque because the writers were very

conscious that they themselves were without these virtues, and had therefore to imagine details and epithets. We were asked to believe that when a Japanese was not fighting he was drawing, or carving, or moulding marvels of art; that all the women were Madame Chrysanthèmes; and all the men who were not knightly Samurai were simple, honest creatures who despised money, and looked upon the foreigner as a wise teacher, and were always ready to sacrifice their lives for the home of their fathers and for universal brotherhood. No doubt the quite worldly gentlemen who devised these fantasies did so because they were not allowed to go to the front to see any of the fighting, and thought that it was more stimulating to idealise their impressions of what they imagined their own high-thinking youth to have been than to attend the lectures of Japanese Staff officers on war strategy as a whole, and its application to battles which the correspondents were assured had taken place. Therefore some of them went the length of telling us all about "bushido", as if it were an exclusively Japanese code, with which knightly virtues of bygone days and the charming, fine old English gentleman (as distinguished from the Debt-of-Honourable gentleman) had nothing whatever in common. The public wanted it, so they got it. Long ago the American people summed up the Japanese national character in the two words: "Conceit, deceit". We are not sure that this conception of them does not date from the time of Commodore Perry. The Chinese have known the Japanese for a much longer time, and their estimate of the race is: "Sell women; makee fight". Both appreciations are very vivid on account of their terseness, and they seem to have been taken by Mr. Lawton as his text. Condensed character-drawing is apt to suffer from its terseness. More attention is given to effectiveness than to even-handed justice. Mr. Lawton cannot be accused of sacrificing justice to conditions of space. His "Empires of the Far East" runs to practically sixteen hundred pages with the index. The only Empires dealt with are Japan and China, with some chapters devoted to Korea, which has already become a province of Japan, and Manchuria, which is not far off the same fate, as far as the southern part of it is concerned. If we take this view, then thirteen hundred and fifty-eight of his pages are devoted to Japan and the remainder to China, which has become a republic since Mr. Lawton chose his title. He has therefore plenty of room to discuss the Japanese, and he does so dispassionately from every point of view, taking him as a fighting man, as a trader, and as a member of society. He altogether rejects the conclusion that the Japanese is a good man. He will not have him idealised in the fashion in which Mr. Fielding Hall idealises that very human race, the Burmese, and in fact he will not admit that Japanese civilisation as it at present exists is any more than a veneer. He calls it hastily assimilated and in many instances ill-digested, and maintains that it cannot reasonably be anything else since their "period of enlightenment covers only fifty years, following centuries of darkness and isolation". It seems to us that this is not quite the correct way of putting it. It is too like the attitude of the City syndicates who thought that they had only to appear in order to obtain free options and concessions wherever they pleased in Dai Nippon. They looked upon the Japanese as a simple, honest sort of people, who might be placed on a level with the Gurkhas and a little higher than most of the fighting races of Africa. They were patient cultivators and admirable artists and first-rate fighting men, but they knew nothing about business and industry. They had no money, and did not much care whether they had or had not. They were a sort of compound of the Burman, who looks upon money as a thing to be spent as soon as he gets it, and the art student of Bohemias everywhere. They were Quixotes who took up the business of everybody to prevent Russia from over-running Manchuria and Korea and bullying China. Above all they were allies of Great Britain. Therefore the financiers thought that there

was an admirable opportunity of making a great deal of money with the expenditure of a quite small amount of capital. They very soon found out their mistake. The managing directors and secretaries who went out with notepaper headings and not much else found that the Japanese merchants had quite astonishing estimates of the value of what they had to sell or finance; that it was assuming a very great deal to imagine that they were even passably honest, and that the Japanese Government interfered in everything, and had predatory instincts equal to anything known or ascribed to Capel Court. It was an extremely disagreeable lesson, and the City has now gone to the other extreme, and, instead of looking upon the Japanese as amiable warriors just emerging from darkness and isolation, is inclined to quote Scripture and compare them with the Cretans, "always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies".

It may be granted that the Japanese is quite as warlike and as pugnacious as the Gurkha, but it is no less certain that he has a very considerable admixture of the Bengali as he appeared to Lord Macaulay. There may or may not be only two races in Japan, the Yamato and the Ainu. The question has not been solved, and it does not seem likely that it ever will be. The Ainu may well be looked upon as the original inhabitants of the country, but they appear to be dying out, and it is not proved that they ever exercised much influence on what we call the Japanese. Who the Japanese are the authorities cannot determine. They are most inclined to say that they are not a race at all, but a collection of heterogeneous fragments of South Sea Islanders, Central Asian tribes, Manchurian Tartars, and Siberian savages, some of whom came up with the current of the Black Stream, and others crossed over the narrow straits from Korea, or came down from the Kurile Islands. The mixture, at any rate, has developed a remarkable variety of qualities, and diffidence and servility are certainly not among them. But to assume that they only came out of darkness and isolation fifty years ago is hardly the proper way of putting it, and is largely responsible for the disillusionment of the City financiers. Japan is supposed to have been completely bound up in herself and closed to the outer world for a period of two hundred and thirty years, from the time of the expulsion of foreigners by Iyemitsu till the revolution, but the isolation was very far from being complete. Dutchmen, who were supposed not to be Christians, and Chinamen were allowed to come and go all the time, and their devotion to trade is well known, though it would be invidious to say that present Japanese methods are founded upon it. Moreover, there was much coming and going over the Straits of Tsushima from Korea, and it is very clear that the Japanese were not unaware of the doings and ambitions of Western nations. Moreover, the Japanese themselves were very far from being stay-at-homes. The coast of Shantung knew them only too well, and the name Wei-hai-wei is an abiding proof of it. The final Wei means a fortified post against brigands. Further, the fact that Mexico was one of the first nations to conclude a treaty with Japan recalls a voluntary mission sent to that country in the days when all Europeans, except non-Christian Dutchmen, were rigorously excluded from Dai Nippon. The long memory of the Japanese was strikingly illustrated when this connexion between the two countries was raised at the time of the fall of President Diaz and the threat of intervention by the United States seemed to imply that Mexico needed friends. S. Francis Xavier may only be remembered as an example of the push of Christianity and of European nations, but the English sailor, Will Adams, who taught them how to build ships in the early years of the seventeenth century, is not forgotten, as the monument erected to him at Yokosuka in 1872 proves, to say nothing of the annual festival held to his memory in Pilot's Street, Tokyo.

Japan may have kept the foreigner at arm's length as long as she could, but it was not entirely from ignorance and simplicity. When it was clear that this

policy could no longer be maintained, the opposite policy of adopting all the resources of civilisation was put in its place. That is why the Japanese Navy is the only one in the world which has gone through two victorious wars in recent days. That is why her army has learnt something from everywhere. That is why they have so thoroughly annoyed cosmopolitan syndicate representatives, who thought that beads and tinsel could always be exchanged for gold and ivory among unsophisticated Orientals. That is why the public revenue of Japan has increased 699 per cent. since 1882, while the expenditure has increased 775 per cent. That is why railways have increased from four hundred and seventy miles to five thousand miles, why the mercantile tonnage of ships has increased 1847 per cent.; the number of steamships 471 per cent., and their tonnage 1574 per cent.; why motive power in factories has risen from 6300 to 234,000 horse-power, and, above all, why Customs revenue has increased 1358 per cent. This is astonishing, but there are other features which are not at all pleasant. The Japanese journalist is an adept at blackmail; the Japanese House of Representatives is described by Mr. Ozaki, with refreshing candour, as "an Assembly of the lowest types of men". There is an abundance of unsavoury scandals. There are labour troubles, as there are all over Europe. Most surprising of all in a country where the ruler is regarded as a deity, there is rapidly growing Socialism, and the Japanese are the teachers and models of revolutionary China and Bande Mataram babus. Mr. Lawton has practised as a doctor for thirty years in Japan. He knows the country well, and he holds the scales even. His book is likely to become the text-book on Japan.

AN IMPRESSIONIST.

"Those that Dream." By Yoi Pawlowska. London: Duckworth. 1912. 5s.

ABOUT a year ago an article appeared in this Review calling attention to a book by a new writer, Yoi Pawlowska's "A Year of Strangers". The writer of the article laid special stress on the charm of personality revealed by the writing, on the fresh simplicity and naturalness of the style, and on the happiness of spirit which pervaded its pages. In this, her second book, Mrs. Buckley has set herself a more difficult task, and has not succeeded quite so well. She has attempted, instead of recording delicate impressions, to tell a story, and she has encountered all the difficulties that lie in wait for those who, although they have a gift for writing, have not perhaps realised the importance of mastering the form in which they write. The charm and fragrance of the first book are still here in this story, or rather episode, in the life of a woman who, living alone, made herself strong enough to reject the passion through which her soul had been wounded. But the book has the inevitable faults due to a lack of design in the story, a lack of construction, a lack of relief and variety. These are dull things to speak of in connexion with the delicate fabric of a book like this, but it is because Mrs. Buckley writes so well, because she really has a point of view about life and the ability to express it, that we criticise her thus severely. She is of the type that deserves and can benefit by serious criticism. The book is not for a moment to be confounded with the mass of novels that are turned out to furnish the libraries. It is related to serious literature; and as the second experiment of the author in an entirely new medium its merits are remarkable. It is obvious that Mrs. Buckley has much to discover concerning her own talent, and she can only discover it by experiment. The most remarkable gift which we discern in her writing is a gift for describing what she sees, and discovering the beauty and colour of things. "Mika put a large green rush-basket filled with oranges on to the floor. The girls saw this, and in a moment both were seated on the ground near to the pile of golden fruit, each with an orange in her hand, each biting the rind with her teeth." And here is a

passage taken from an admirable description of the casting of a bronze statue: "Attilio with another iron bar guided the stream of molten metal into the hole at the top of the mould. It poured out ruby and blood, vivid green and turquoise—heavily, as if the moment of fluid life tired the weighty spirit of the metal. The mould was filled and still there was metal over. Mario put half a dozen old pots on to the ground, and the rest of the metal was poured into these quickly, for it was rapidly cooling. At last a red tongue hung over the edge of the crucible—the metal refused any longer to flow".

This gift for delicate and vivid observation makes one wish that the author would return to her first manner of recording her impressions, for it is not fair to the many excellent things in this book to put them into the form of a narrative. The writing is all pitched in one key, which becomes monotonous, the conversations are mostly monologues, and the mere mechanical business of introducing them is not well managed. And one cannot but feel that at the end of the book, when Wiosna went out into the wilderness away from Fosco to be "one with its immense nullity", that Fosco would find her out again and join her there. The extreme femininity of the book is revealed in its intensity of mood; one feels sure that the author believed in her heroine's renunciation as much as the heroine herself, and it seems almost impolite to suggest that she might change her mind. One is delighted that Wiosna should go out into the desert, even if only for a little while, in order that we should be told about it so prettily. "There nothing matters, there all is forgotten—all is lost. When the wind sings it sings of other sorrows, and there are no memories hidden in the sand."

In spite of the faults which we have indicated, we commend this book to all who are interested in literature, because it is an essay in a really artistic direction, and its performance is high enough to give weight and reality to the promise it reveals.

IRISH VICEROYS.

"The Viceroys of Ireland." By Charles O'Mahony.
London: Long. 1912. 16s. net.

SIR JOHN T. GILBERT anticipated Mr. O'Mahony by publishing in 1864 a book on the subject of Irish viceroys. It had however no claim to completeness since Gilbert closed his narrative with the year 1509, the date at which the conquest of Ireland was becoming a reality. As to the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., it is, as Mr. O'Mahony puts it, a myth of history; the expedition which, it is interesting to remember, had the approval of the Pope, proved profitless, though there were possibilities of gain in the future. Viceroys of Ireland in those early days did not lie upon a bed of roses, nor indeed do they do so to-day; but the pleasures and pains of the position are not what they were. Irish viceroys used to be, as a rule, needy adventurers, men who had nothing left to lose; now when there is nothing to gain and much to lose in ruling "Ireland and Irish society", it has become a question of finding someone whose sense of public duty is almost abnormally developed. Mr. O'Mahony's subject is an excellent one. His treatment of it, though perforce unambitious (in a book of 350 pages), is on the whole successful. This is a light and pleasant way of relating the history of Ireland during the last seven hundred years, and we get introductions, perfunctory enough to be sure, to many exceedingly interesting personages. The best chapters are the first chapters, for which Mr. O'Mahony is much indebted to Sir John Gilbert, and the worst chapters are the last, which are too long in proportion to the subject and, at the same time, thin. Lord Houghton's troubles in Dublin were, after all, small enough compared with those of de Lacy or Richard Talbot.

Henry II. left behind him as his representative in Ireland one Hugh de Lacy, who is therefore to be

regarded as the first of Irish viceroys. It was his business to look after Dublin Castle and the affairs of the English in Ireland. His successors, like himself, were Anglo-Norman barons, who sometimes aimed, naturally enough, at kingly power; already the English in Ireland had become as turbulent and as assertive of their own special interests as the Irish themselves. Not that English and Irish united; in 1315 when the native Irish crowned Edward Bruce, brother of Robert, King of Ireland, the then viceroy, a Butler, and his nobles very quickly realised their duty of fidelity to the English Crown. After the deposition of Edward II., Prior Roger Utlagh became autocrat in Dublin. This ecclesiastic is mainly remembered for his association with the case of Dame Alice Kyteler, the sorceress of Kilkenny; he had to meet the accusation of heresy—the spread of heresy in Ireland about this time is, by the way, a subject which merits the attention of some future historian. He retired for the Earl of Ulster, a de Burgh; but it soon became the custom of the English kings to appoint, in preference to the heads of the great Anglo-Irish families, their own Court favourites as Viceroys of Ireland; hence hostilities, as often happened later, were less between the English and the Irish than between the English by birth and the English by blood. De Vere, Earl of Oxford, in Richard II.'s reign was such a favourite, and so little profit was there then in the country for the English Crown, that Richard actually had it in his mind to make this nobleman King of Ireland.

Another viceroy of much later date who had designs for setting himself on an Irish throne was the Earl of Tyrconnell, James II.'s boon companion. But it is surprising—having regard to the state of Ireland and the powers entrusted to the English kings' representatives therein—that ambitions of this kind, which must have often been entertained, never quite became a living issue in Irish affairs. There was the stuff of kings in many a Kildare, many a Desmond, many a De Burgh and many a Butler (not to mention the old Irish O'Donnells and O'Neills); and the foundation of a national dynasty, short-lived though it would no doubt have been, had more than once been an easy matter. The Irish people themselves stood in the way. They lacked the sense of nationhood. It was not that they liked anarchy or preferred the rule of the many to that of the one. We find Henry VIII., on his accession the titular lord of Ireland, with less power there than the Earl of Kildare or The O'Neill. We find that Ireland wanted a king, for she, like the other nations of Europe, was tired of government by great lords. And she supports Henry VIII., whom she has not seen, as against those whom she has seen, the rulers of her territories, whose challenge to the pretensions of the Tudors collapsed because it had no public opinion behind it. There was no reason on earth why Ireland should not have made a king for herself; she had but to strengthen the hands of one of her ambitious lords against all the others. That, all through the critical sixteenth century, she should have steadily failed to adopt this policy makes an extraordinary problem and one into which Mr. O'Mahony might have entered if he had been treating his subject from the philosophical point of view. Since however he calls Lucas "creator of the idea that Ireland was a nation", he is apparently aware that the spirit of Nationalism was first awakened in Ireland in the eighteenth century—by Englishmen and by Protestants.

The viceroys of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth take up nearly half of Mr. O'Mahony's space. The book has degenerated exceedingly; yet may one suspect that it was written up to that final chapter which Lord and Lady Aberdeen have all to themselves. Trite commonplaces of recent political history, talk of the Dublin newspapers, gossip of Irish society, an occasional indifferent opinion from the author—this is the stuff of the last hundred pages. "Ireland", we note, "is a country populated by the descendants of kings". Truly one lives and learns!

"FROM THE VASTY DEEP."

"Children of Don." By T. E. Ellis. London: Arnold. 1912. 2s. 6d. net.

"Ripostes." By Ezra Pound. London: Swift. 1912. 2s. 6d. net.

"Poems." By George Forester. London: Elkin Mathews. 1912. 1s. 6d. net.

"Poems and Ballads." By Trevor Blakemore. London: Elkin Mathews. 1912. 3s. 6d. net.

"I CAN call spirits from the vasty deep", said he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook. "Why, so can I, or so can any man", retorted Hotspur in a chafe;

"But will they come when you do call for them?"

Glendower is Shakespeare's unkindest cut at a Welshman; and we are moved, not gratuitously, here to remember him. Mr. T. E. Ellis is responsible. He, too, would call spirits from the vasty deep—Welsh spirits. And the question we ask with considerable misgiving, as we read the prelude to his call, is the question of Hotspur—"But will they come?" Alas! Mr. T. E. Ellis has not a compelling way with his spirits. A number of shapes, denoted by strange names, emerge from a particularly unimpressive void. When, for a moment, they succeed in assuming a pale shadow of independent being they betray an irritating, and for the uninformed reader an extremely exhausting, tendency to assume that we know all about them and their family history; that, their reputations being world-wide, all introductions are unnecessary. Thus Gwydion appears; and, from the sensation he occasions by his intrusion, we must infer that he is a man or a spirit or a beast of considerable importance. "What name is on this shape?" asks a certain Arawn. (Evidently Arawn does not move in the selectest circle of Welsh spirits.) Gwydion answers:

"It shall not be a nameless one that tore
This cauldron from you, Arawn! I am known
Through Prydain's isle as Gwydion, son of Don,
Verger of Arvon".

This, of course, merely adds to our confusion. Happily none of these men or monsters has anything particularly distinguished to say either as to its matter or its manner. Otherwise we should begin to feel curious about them; and investigation might tempt us very far.

Mr. Ezra Pound opens his book of "Ripostes" with:

"When I behold how black, immortal ink
Drips from my deathless pen—ah, well-away!
Why should I stop at all for what I think?
There is enough in what I chance to say.

This is the *mot juste* for Mr. Pound's small collection. Of all these agreeable trifles we like best the "Portrait d'une Femme"—a clever sketch of the character—not necessarily, or even usually, a woman—whose mind, like the Sargasso Sea, has accumulated

"Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things".

None of them is her own; yet the whole bundle is herself. This is in Mr. Pound's best manner. There are in this volume some extremely able diversions in metre; but we do not catch ourselves exclaiming "Hark! Hark! the Lark!!"

The other two small volumes of our choice are delightfully introduced to us in the letter of a candid friend, who advised Mr. Forester that his verses would "stir no great passion" and "propound no great problem". Tenues avenæ will do. It is, as he tells us, an old song that sings in the brain of Mr. Forester; but it is to his credit that, not being hotly inspired, he does not conscientiously strive to sing the old song to a new tune. Nor does Mr. Blakemore pretend to deceive us; though Mr. Blakemore seems to have trotted the globe pretty thoroughly for his themes.

Thus, leaving London, by way of Hong-Kong and Vancouver, for Shetland, we ultimately arrive in Sark. "All is green and sweet" in Kensington Gardens. Shetland and Hong-Kong are more exciting; but Mr. Blakemore never permits himself to be lashed into unbecoming frenzy. "My pulses—Wondrous God!" exclaims a hero of his song. But Mr. Blakemore's pulses would pass the medical life-insurance test of the strictest provident institution. Mr. Blakemore is best in a conceit or fancy. Thence you may measure his merit. Here are his lines from "A Ballade of Dreams":

"You were the gold-haired Summer, I the lord
Of restless Autumn. Clad in red and flame,
I fought the pale knight Winter, when he came
To pierce your glorious body with his sword".

"Vastly pretty!" as a Georgian gentleman in a modern play might affirm. What else is to say is best left, perhaps, for a candid friend.

NOVELS.

"The Children of Alsace." By René Bazin. London: Stanley Paul. 6s.

This translation of M. René Bazin's novel "Les Oberlés" is concerned with social conditions since 1870 in Alsace—a country, as the author himself puts it, conquered but not assimilated. The original title is more explicit than the one which has been chosen for the English version, since the story is that of a single family named Oberlé divided against itself as to the attitude to be adopted towards the Prussian in possession; though it is likely enough that its tragedy is typical of that of many another Alsatian household. The book shows with skill and restraint the unexpected ways in which those who persist in thinking of themselves as French are virtually ostracised. There is of course no doubt about the writer's sympathies, but still his two time-serving Oberlés, the ambitious business man M. Joseph and the girl Lucienne, anxious to enjoy her youth, are quite natural in the circumstances. For the old who remember and the young who dream of France there is nothing, according to M. Bazin, but suspicion and seclusion, or the self-banishment which the hero of his story ultimately chose.

"The Shoe of a Horse." By Christopher Stone. London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.

This story is of the Ruritania order and moves amidst the martial events of revolution in a country called Paria. There is a sketch-map of Paria, showing the rivers, the railway, and the configuration of the land, prepared (as the author is amusing enough to inform us) by a gentleman who had never been there; but, in spite of such help towards visualising the campaign, we never quite get away from the unreality of the whole business—King, Pretender, Dictator, National Committee, and so on. Mr. Stone deftly weaves his Parian politics with the love story of the Englishman who tells the tale, but nevertheless we liked him better in his last novel of London and the English countryside.

"A Glorious Lie." By Dorothea Gerard. London: Long. 6s.

Bogdan Letinski first drifted into a *mésalliance* with Daria, the daughter of a Ruthenian village pope, and afterwards, when taken prisoner by the Germans, drifted in much the same fashion into a bigamous union with an aristocratic Prussian lady. The glorious lie that she was only his mistress was told by the devoted Daria to screen him: the epithet is not to be taken seriously, and the move was a mistake, as the author shows in the sequel. The tale is a good, straightforward piece of story-telling, and if the character of the moral coward Letinski is not exactly convincing it is drawn with so much ingenuity and circumstance as to be at any rate plausible.

"PYM AND HIS CARLES."

"John Pym." By C. E. Wade. London: Pitman. 1912. 7s. 6d.

How are the mighty fallen! This excellent biography, which deserves the careful attention alike of students and the general public, reveals to us "King Pym" as a singularly intolerant, prejudiced, and reactionary oligarch. "It was superstition and idolatry and the rage of Antichrist against which" he "first and foremost directed his great gifts". It would indeed be difficult to conceive of persons less in sympathy with the principles of modern democracy than were Pym and his followers. If they can be said to possess any affinities with any modern sect or party it is with the Kensittes, and probably the only politician of modern times with whom Pym would have had the faintest sympathy would have been Sir William Harcourt. And it will be yet more shocking for the Radical student of Mr. Wade's pages to learn what intense admirers of the squirearchy were these revolutionaries. Alas for their feelings! In Pym's first Parliament, that of 1621, in which Hampden and Fairfax sat, a witty Barrister Sheppard was on a report presented by Pym removed from the service of the House, one of his offences being that by his flippant words on their actions he "had offended the dignity of Justices of the Peace". To read however Mr. Wade's volume is to realise the truth of the view stated more than sixty years ago by Disraeli in "Coningsby", and reasserted in our own time by Mr. Belloc, that the aim, conscious or unconscious, of the followers of Pym and Hampden was the establishment of an anti-popular oligarchy, in which the King was to play the part of a Venetian Doge. Whether Pym had devised an elaborate scheme for the destruction of the royal power and the deposition of the King, whether we are to see in the political ideas enshrined in the "Grand Remonstrance" and the "Nineteen Propositions" the goal at which he and his fellow-adventurers had aimed from the first, or whether he was a mere hand-to-mouth politician who drifted unwittingly into rebellion, Mr. Wade will not decide. It is certain, on the one hand, that Pym and Hampden poisoned the heart of the people against Charles, and that Pym twice invited a hostile Scotch army into England and that he twice refused the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, preferring rather to exasperate from without than to modify from within; that, in a word, he was a designing traitor who hugged his treason. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that he was void of political imagination, and of him, as of Cromwell, it may be said that "he never knew where he was going till he got there, though at each stage of the journey he knew at which station he would find himself next". His strength lay in the fact that he was a great House of Commons man; for the rest he was a dangerous if unimaginative revolutionary. Mr. Wade, though the biographer of Pym, is the apologist of Strafford, "who living was misjudged and dead was belied, greatest of all statesmen whom an age fertile in greatness produced." We have not space to speak of Pym and Hampden and their friends as commercial co-adventurers in the matter of Providence Island. The chapter on the subject deserves attention. We must, in conclusion, quote a few lines from our author's brilliant and sarcastic description of the House of Commons corporate act of Communion in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, a rite arranged for the sole purpose of discovering crypto-Romanists: "Fancy may picture the throng of country gentlemen in this beautiful church, half reverent, wholly curious, espying what gaps there might be in their number, whether this man or that man whom gossip branded for Papist was present or away. Thus they waited for the words 'Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, draw near'".

BOOKS ON ART.

"Rodin." By Muriel Ciolkowska. London: Methuen. 1912. 2s. 6d.

The drawback of collecting a man's conversational fragments and giving them a fixed condition in cold print is illustrated in Mme. Ciolkowska's interesting and sincerely thoughtful book. Uttered in the flow of talk, one's unreasoned assertions and half-reached truths are borne along by a quick current and given licence on the score of momentary aptness or extenuating impromptu circumstances. But, arrested in an "anthology" and set up in type, these utterances are bound to come under a more serious scrutiny than their unlucky author had counted on. Rodin's oft-quoted statement that "craftsmanship is everything", and that inspiration is "a romantic old idea void of all sense", is another effort on an artist's part to

express a temporary conviction that is not entirely ill-founded. Reynolds' little motto about genius and the capacity for taking pains and this cry of Rodin are only in the nature of repressive special pleading against another half-truth—that genius is due to super-terrestrial inspiration. Both, however, being based on incomplete premises, are, if not worthless, at least misleading, and little is gained in including such loose, unreasoned propositions in a master's prophetic dicta. Similarly inconclusive and fragmentary is Rodin's definition of an artist—"a man who finds pleasure in his work". William Morris, we are reminded, was the author of the same incomplete and futile analysis, which is much as though one defined a cow as an animal that gives milk.

Rodin, like most people who live very close to their work, sees life relatively to his art, in terms of Art. For him Art reveals our *raison d'être* and destiny, even as science reads all riddles to the scientist. Like all great artists, he comes out of his life's work thinking deeply, achieving a philosophy by means of the truths he has learned to perceive. It is profoundly interesting to note how nearly identical are the philosophies to which the scientist and artist are carried on the apparently opposed currents of motif and thought. "I believe in science", says Rodin; "I have always been very scientific in my sculpture. But to science we must add taste; taste is everything." Incidentally we may note that in varying moods Rodin finds "craftsmanship everything" and "taste everything". He goes on: "I have often found my science at fault; I have had to dispense with it and leave the decision of a question my reason could not master to my intelligence". We may assume that either translation or original vagueness of expression is responsible for "intelligence" where intuition is clearly meant. "I let myself drift", he adds, remarking that, strangely enough, things which would seem to depend entirely on exact rules of science are subject to the same law. A shipbuilder had told him that a boat is not built only in accordance with mathematical calculations; the parts must be adjusted by a man of taste, who will, if need be, disturb the mathematical proportions if the ship

(Continued on page 58.)

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is to float. "Thus there are no fixed rules; taste is the supreme law and the world's compass." Here, not lucidly perhaps, but partially, are apprehended the truths round which pragmatism and Bergson circle. The apostles of "utility is beauty", a creed to which people are led by confused thought, in Rodin have a prophet, provided they rule out his other dogma, "taste is everything". "Every really useful object well adapted to its purpose possesses beauty; beauty is not distinct from utility whatever the ignorant may think." We at least are ignorant enough to think that if utility be a matter largely of the intellect and reason, beauty lies far deeper, in what we may call intuition, taste, or spiritual unity, according to our especial phraseology. It seems to us that a very remarkable training in sophistry is needed to argue that pill-boxes, tubes of tooth-paste, nightlights, or gutters, all efficiently useful things, are beautiful. The Gothic masters and the Greek, in their use of assymetry and entasis, prove their consciousness of beauty as distinct from sheer crude utility. Rodin's chance hit at machinery as the possible cause of the decline of taste partly lays bare the truth, that excess of mechanical utility has blunted our perception of what beauty really is.

"Hercules B. Brabazon." By C. Lewis Hind. London: Allen. 1912. 21s. net.

To a great extent you can tell a picture by its reproductions: it would perhaps be fallacious to argue that an artist can be gauged by his biographers. Even had colour reproductions cannot erase the decorative pattern, rhythm, and sense of form possessed by the original pictures. On the other hand, even good coloured plates can usually be depended on to misstate the values and qualities of colour. If a picture's effect, then, is principally of colour, its sufferings under colour reproduction are the intenser. Brabazon's expression of Nature was intrinsically external; trees, mountains, buildings he saw muffled in an envelope of blurring light and dense atmosphere. He did not see the structural inevitable character of forms constant under the attack of blazing sun or veiling air. In consequence, his pictures are extremely at the mercy of colour reproduction; they have little in reserve if the fragile sensitiveness of their quality is tampered with. Losing delicacy and lacking significant form, they tend to a certain emptiness, in reproduction, that would not strike one in the originals. Those that undergo the painful process with the greatest resistance have some emphatic silhouette, such as "The Wengern Alp" and "Ischia". "An Olive Orchard", on the other hand, "The Terrace Oaklands", "Karnak", or "Red Rocks, Mentone", whose original strength was delicacy, come out of the operation weakened and dispirited. The character of the book before us is a sort of "pseudo de luxe", little patches of text compassed about by wide tracts of margin, and the bulk and weight made up by thick, clean sheets of paper facing every illustration, and the beginning of each chapter. Mr. Lewis Hind does not aim at critical analysis so much as downright appreciation tinged with a kind of sentimental melancholy. Apropos of his assertion that "the soul of Velazquez" or of Guardi is in Brabazon's interpretations of their pictures, we feel that it was not the soul that Brabazon was in quest of, but rather the atmosphere. In the same, possibly uncalled-for, vein of scrutiny we object to Mr. Hind's use of unreasoned, loose antitheses, employed to magnify Brabazon by comparison; Brabazon is in no need of such aids.

"Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects. By Giorgio Vasari. Newly Translated by G. du C. de Vere. 500 Illustrations in 10 vols. London: Macmillan and the Medici Society. 1912. Vols. I. II. III. 25s. each vol.

Vasari has suffered his ups and downs, his commentators and translators; whether gladly or indifferently is unascertained. From having been the main authority, he slid down to a condition of general contempt, and nowadays he is usually referred to as "Gossip Vasari", probably the least sufferable cut of all. At length however one has arisen who is inclined to view him from a different angle. Mr. De Vere approaches Vasari not as an authority on Italian painters, more or less safe, so much as an artist and a critic of unexpected soundness. By artist in this context we mean in the way of style and form. Viewed in this light, Vasari, according to Mr. De Vere, may be regarded as the author of a remarkable work that is independent of mere documentary accuracy. As for Vasari's trustworthiness and usefulness, they beyond doubt outweigh his occasional slips and prejudice. Comparing this present translation with the old version by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, we certainly find a prevailing difference, in that it reads livingly; Vasari's meaning and his

curiously individual way of seeing pictures are not cramped by an obvious wooden translation or paraphrase. These first three volumes are a notable and scholarly production. The monochrome plates are admirable and well chosen; the colour plates are, as usual, a mistake.

"The Wood Family of Burslem." By F. Falkner. London Chapman and Hall. 1912. 42s. net.

For most people Josiah Wedgwood is the predominant figure of Staffordshire pottery, much as Van Dyck and Lely cover Stuart portraiture from 1630 to 1680. The lesser and often quite independent men who worked in the shadow are hardly known. Mr. Falkner, himself a keen collector of Staffordshire, has taken up the case of the Wood family of potters, which, beginning with Ralph and Aaron Wood, born respectively in 1715 and 1717, culminated in Enoch Wood, who, dying in 1840, was honoured in Burslem as "the Father of the Potteries". Mr. Falkner's thorough methods of illustration and research leave, we imagine, but little uncertainty as to the work and family history of this Wood dynasty. His book, moreover, is an invaluable document on the civic life of the great potters. In the way of illustration, of pieces, moulds, and marks; in appendices of documents; lists of mould numbers, whereby collectors will find identification of their pieces facilitated, and in the details that give a book high reference value and make its information accessible, Mr. Falkner has unassumingly produced an unusually complete work.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1er Janvier.

English readers will be interested in an article on Home Rule by M. Augustin Filon. It shows historical insight and is distinguished by biting phrases. M. Filon is clear that the Unionist policy of agrarian emancipation was far better than Gladstonian Home Rule, and regards Mr. Balfour as the greatest benefactor Ireland has ever had. But he is inclined to think that conditions are now changing. The present Bill, which he regards as avoiding the main faults of its predecessors, has roused no passion outside Ulster, partly, thinks M. Filon, because of a revival of local feeling in Britain, partly because of disgust with the incompetence of the central Parliament. German politics are discussed by M. Georges Goyau, who deals with Bismarck's attitude towards the Centre after the Kulturkampf. French scholars are never very happy in treating of modern Germany. Wishing their work to be well spoken of by German professors, they get in too many details and become dull. Further, their natural prejudices make them exhibit Bismarck as a mere politician. This article has both these faults. It is unfair to say that a desire to score off Windthorst, the Centre leader, is the key to Bismarck's policy in the later 'seventies and early 'eighties. He introduced his Bill into the Prussian Upper House, and thus made Bishop Kopf the Roman Catholic spokesman, because he wanted to negotiate a religious peace and to avoid the political issues which a party leader would necessarily have raised.

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The Subscription List will open on Friday, 10th January, and close on or before Monday, 13th January, 1913.

MEXICAN NATIONAL PACKING COMPANY, Limited.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, U.S.A.)

Owning and Conducting a Public Service Enterprise under Exclusive Concessions from the Government of Mexico.

SHARE CAPITAL - \$12,750,000.

Divided into \$9,000,000 Six per Cent. Participating Preferred Stock and \$3,750,000 Common Stock. Six per Cent. Second Mortgage Gold Bonds, \$1,500,000. (The above are all issued, or agreed to be issued.) Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds authorised, \$5,000,000.

Issue of \$2,900,000 Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds of \$100 each at 94 per cent.

The total authorised issue of Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds is \$5,000,000. The Mortgage provides that not more than \$3,000,000 of these Bonds shall be issued without the consent of the holders of a majority in value of each of the following classes, namely, (1) the Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds, (2) the Six per Cent. Second Mortgage Gold Bonds, and (3) the Six per Cent. Participating Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be secured by a First and Special Mortgage with Supplemental Deeds thereto registered and recorded in Mexico, together constituting a First and Special Mortgage in favour of the Central Trust Company of New York as Trustee upon the Immovable Property, Plants, and Concessions of the Company, and the proceeds of this issue will be kept intact until this charge is effected.

Interest will be paid half-yearly, on 1st January and 1st July.

The Bonds are repayable in New York on the 27th day of January, 1931. The Mortgage provides for the redemption of the Bonds by means of a Sinking Fund of Five per cent. per annum of the whole of the outstanding Bonds, beginning the 1st day of January, 1913. The Sinking Fund will be applied in purchasing Bonds at or below 105 per cent. and accrued interest. The Company reserves the right to redeem at any time, at 105 per cent. and accrued interest, the whole or any part of the Bonds for the time being outstanding on not less than six months' notice being given.

Principal and Interest are payable at the option of the Holder either in sterling at Parr's Bank, Limited, London, or in currency at the Central Trust Company of New York.

The price of issue is 94 per cent., payable as follows, the rate of exchange being taken at \$4.87 to the £:

On Application	£2 per	\$100 Bond.
On Allotment	£5 do.	
On 27th February, 1913 ...	£5 do.	
On 27th March, 1913	£7 6d. Od. do.	
	£19 6s. Od. do.	

Or the whole may be paid up in full at the Company's Bankers on Allotment, or at any time before March 27th, 1913, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture and the Allotments to cancellation, and interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on any instalments in arrear. Cheques should be crossed and made payable to "Bearer."

Prior to the delivery of the Definitive Bonds the Directors reserve the right to alter the denomination of such portion of the Bonds as Allottees desire issued in Bonds of either \$500 or \$1,000 each.

The instalments carry interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from their due dates of payment to 1st July, 1913, and Scrip Certificates will be issued in due course in exchange for the receipted Allotment Letters, and will bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the due dates of payment of such instalments up to 1st July, 1913. The first full Coupon on the Bonds will be payable on 1st January, 1914.

The Scrip will be exchanged in due course, free of expense, at the London Agency of the Company, 110 Cannon Street, London, E.C., for Definitive Bonds of \$100 each with half-yearly Coupons attached, due on 1st January and 1st July in every year.

The Company has acquired the assets, concessions, and undertaking of the Mexican National Packing Company. The assets include:—

- The Rastro or Packing House in the City of Mexico with upwards of 25 acres of freehold land.
- A freehold estate of upwards of 8 acres situated in the City of Mexico, upon which there is erected a modern cold storage plant with a storage capacity of 1,000 tonnes.
- A freehold estate and modern packing house at Uruapan, Michoacan, Mexico.
- A freehold estate and modern cold store situated in the City of San Luis Potosi.

These properties were valued by Señor Luis Perezcano, Junior, a licensed appraiser of Mexico, at £711,000.

The assets also include automobile delivery vans, wagons, fixtures, furniture, stores for repairs, &c., valued by Señor Perezcano at £32,000. 150 Refrigerator railway carriages and certain investments, valued by Señor Perezcano at £24,000.

In the above valuations no value was placed upon the concessions which give the Company exclusive preferential rights of great value.

The Company's business has been created under concessions granted by the Government of Mexico, whereby the Company obtains *inter alia* until 31st December, 1926, the following exclusive rights:—

- That all cattle, pigs, sheep, and goats slaughtered in the City of Mexico must be slaughtered in the Rastro or Packing House belonging to this Company, and that no other Rastro or Packing House can be built or operated in Mexico City.
- That all the land, plants, and other property of the Company shall be exempt from all federal taxation except the stamp tax.
- Freedom from all import duties upon all of the materials required for the manufacture of tin cans and packing cases used by the Company.

(4) That the Government shall not impose a tax on animals killed by the Company exceeding 11 centavos per kilo. upon dressed beef, and 2 centavos per kilo. upon dressed sheep and goats, and 1 centavo per kilo. upon pigs, live weight. In respect of all such products as are sold outside a radius of 50 kilometres of Mexico City or exported from Mexico, this Company is not required to pay any taxes.

By arrangement with the Mexican Government the Company has, however, paid taxes upon all animals at the time of slaughter; and the amounts paid in respect of products sold outside a radius of 50 kilometres of Mexico City or exported from Mexico have been regularly repaid by the Mexican Government to the Company, amounting approximately to 2s. per head on cattle, 8s. per head on pigs, and 7d. per head on sheep and goats. These repayments are not and cannot, until after 1926, be made to anyone else.

The number of animals slaughtered at the Rastro in the City of Mexico during the four years ended 31st December, 1912, was, according to the returns of the Mexican Government Official, Sr. Manuel Fernandez Ortigosa, Collector of Taxes at the Rastro, as follows:—

	1909.	1910.	1911.	1912.
Cattle	127,369	147,322	140,997	139,720
Hogs	91,942	67,597	65,629	67,364
Sheep	184,966	209,568	177,891	178,946
TOTALS	404,277	424,547	384,517	386,030

All the plants of the Company are in a high state of operating efficiency.

Owing to the importance of the concessions and to the public service character of the enterprise, the concessions provided that they could not be transferred without the previous consent of the Mexican Government and of the Government of Michoacan.

By decrees of the President and Government of Mexico, issued October 25th, 1912, October 29th, 1912, and November 11th, 1912, this consent was formally given by the Mexican Government, and the transfer of all of the concessions granted by the Government has been duly completed.

The Government of Michoacan has likewise given its consent, and the concessions granted by the State have been duly transferred to this Company.

The Directors intend to at once develop the tinned and cured meat departments of the Company's business on an extensive scale and to make shipments of refrigerated beef and cured meats to London, in order to keep these departments of the Company's plants operating to their full capacity.

The prospectus contains an exhaustive report on the undertaking addressed to the directors by Mr. E. B. Towl, who is an expert qualified to report upon the business. This report says, among other things, that:—

"The pioneer work involved in the establishment of an entirely new industry of such national importance has already been done and the large amount of capital necessary to be invested in land, Packing Houses, cold storage, refrigerator cars, and general equipment, and to organise and instal a proper system throughout a country as large as Mexico has already been expended. I consider that the initial difficulties which are inseparable from the development of a new industry of such magnitude have been overcome."

"From the statistics, tabulated figures, and cost sheets which I prepared while in Mexico and still have, I have worked out what I consider should be the net results from the operations of the Company as at present constituted, and I am of the opinion that with efficient management and £150,000 working capital the following is a conservative estimate of the net profits which should be realised:—

First year	£50,000
Second year	£125,000
Third year	£180,000
Fourth year	£200,000

Approximately, £37,115 is required for the interest upon the present issue of bonds.

Out of the proceeds of this issue, £105,000 will be appropriated to working capital and to instal additional machinery in the Company's tinned meat department in Mexico City, and to establish a branch at the sea-board in Mexico, for which a concession has been granted to this Company by the Mexican Government. The Company is given two years in which to establish this branch.

For the purposes of the Prospectus figures have been calculated at the rate of 9.70 pesos to the £ sterling.

The whole of the Common Stock of the Company, except Directors' qualification Shares, will be vested in three Voting Trustees, and is to remain vested in the Trustees until all of this issue of Bonds is redeemed.

A brokerage of half per cent. will be paid on allotments made in respect of applications (other than underwriting applications) bearing brokers' stamps.

Application will in due course be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, London, for a settlement and official quotation.

Prospectuses and Application Forms can be obtained from:—

PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C., AND ALL BRANCHES;

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT £4 PER CENT. INSCRIBED STOCK, 1940-1950.

Interest payable Half-yearly at the Bank of England on 1 April and 1 October.

ISSUE OF £2,000,000 STOCK.

The First Dividend, being Three Months' Interest, will be payable on 1 April, 1913

PRICE OF ISSUE £99 PER CENT.

The Government of Queensland having observed the conditions prescribed under the Colonial Stock Act, 1900, as notified in the "London Gazette" of 27 September, 1901, Trustees may invest in this Stock under the powers of the Trustee Act, 1885, unless expressly forbidden in the instrument creating the Trust.

The Governor and Company of the Bank of England give notice that, on behalf of the Agent appointed for raising and managing the Loans of the Colony, they are authorised to receive applications for £2,000,000 Queensland Government £4 per Cent. Inscribed Stock, 1940-1950. The Stock will be in addition to, and, on and after 4 March, 1913, will rank *pari passu* with the Queensland Government £4 per cent. Stock, 1940-50, already existing.

By the Act 40 & 41 Vict. ch. 59, the Revenues of the Colony of Queensland alone are liable in respect of this Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury are not directly or indirectly responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent., will be received at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England. In case of partial allotment the balance of the amount paid as deposit will be applied towards the payment of the first instalment. Should there be a surplus after making that payment, such surplus will be refunded by cheque.

Applications may be for the whole or any part of the present issue of Stock in multiples of £100. No allotment will be made of a less amount than £100 Stock.

The dates on which the further payments will be required are as follows:

On Monday, 27 January, 1913, £14 per cent.;
On Monday, 10 February, 1913, £30 per cent.;

On Thursday, 10 April, 1913, £50 per cent.;

but the instalments may be paid in full on, or after, 27 January, under discount at the rate of £34 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of either instalment at its proper date, the sum or sums previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Application forms may be obtained at the Bank of England (Chief Cashier's Office), or at any of the Branches of the Bank; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 13 George Street, Mansion House, E.C.; of Messrs. R. Nivison & Co., Bank Buildings, Princes Street, E.C.; or of the Agent-General for the Government of Queensland, 409 and 410 Strand, W.C.

The list of applications will be closed on, or before, Wednesday, 15 January, 1913.

Bank of England, London, 10 January, 1913.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Company.

(Incorporated under an Act of the Parliament of Canada, 6 Edward VII., Chapter 99.)

ISSUE OF

£240,700 Four per Cent. First Mortgage Sterling Bonds due 1939.
Principal and Interest unconditionally guaranteed by the Government of the Province of Saskatchewan.

£238,600 Four per Cent. First Mortgage Sterling Bonds due 1942.
Principal and Interest unconditionally guaranteed by the Government of the Province of Alberta.

Principal and Interest payable in London, also in Montreal and New York, at the fixed rate of exchange of \$486 to the £.

The Bonds will be issued to Bearer in denominations of £100 and £200, with Coupons attached, payable 1st May and 1st November (the 1st half-yearly coupon maturing 1st May, 1913), and will contain provisions for registration at the option of the holder.

Issue price £94 per £100 Bond, payable as follows:—

£10 per £100 Bond on Application.	
£34 do. on Allotment.	
£50 do. on 1st March, 1913.	
£94	

Payment in full may be made on Allotment, under discount, at the rate of Four per cent. per annum.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada are authorised to receive applications for the above Bonds, the proceeds of which will be applied in the construction of branch lines in the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The £240,700 Bonds now offered will rank *pari passu* with the previous issues, and will be guaranteed by the Government of the Province of Saskatchewan, under the provisions of an Act passed in the last session of the Provincial Parliament, being at the rate of \$15,000 per mile in respect of the following additional mileage of branch lines, viz.:—

Extension of the Biggar Calgary Branch ..	54 miles.
Do. Biggar Battleford Branch ..	3 1/2 "
Do. Prince Albert Branch ..	1 1/2 "
Do. Yorkton Canora Branch ..	31 1/2 "
	90 miles.

The £238,600 Bonds offered will be guaranteed by the Government of the Province of Alberta, under the provisions of an Act passed in the last session of the Provincial Parliament, authorising the guarantee at the rate of \$20,000 per mile on the Bonds of a branch line known as the Alberta Coal Branch, extending from Bickerdike in the Province of Alberta in a southerly and westerly direction for a distance of 58 miles.

Each issue of Bonds will be secured by a Mortgage Deed of Trust to which the Provincial Government will be a party, creating a first charge upon the railway, equipment, property and tolls of the line or lines of railway included therein, and including an unconditional guarantee on the part of the Government which will also be endorsed on each Bond. Under the provisions of the mortgage the proceeds of the Bonds will

be deposited with Canadian Banks approved by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, and will only be paid over to the Company as the work progresses, on the certificate of the Chief Engineer of the Province, or such other officer as the Government may appoint.

Power is reserved in the Mortgage and Bonds guaranteed by the Province of Saskatchewan for the issue by the Company of additional Bonds up to \$2,000 a mile, making an aggregate of \$15,000 a mile, and also for the issue up to \$15,000 a mile of Bonds for the construction of additional branch lines of the Company. All Bonds so issued will rank *pari passu* with those previously issued, but no issue can be made until the Government guarantee in respect thereof has been authorised by the Legislative Assembly.

These branch lines will be worked under agreement by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, and will form important feeders to the main line of that Company.

Allotment will be made as far as can conveniently be arranged, so that each allottee receives a *pro rata* proportion of each description of Bonds, but no applicant will be entitled to claim Bonds of either description, all the Bonds being regarded, for the purposes of this offer, as identical. Application will be made in due course for a settlement and quotation of the Interim Scrip Certificates and Definitive Bonds on the London Stock Exchange.

Applications must be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Company, 67 Lombard Street, E.C., with a deposit of £10 per £100 of Bonds applied for.

The Subscription List will be closed on or before Wednesday, the 15th instant.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada; of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Company, 67 Lombard Street, E.C., and of Messrs. Coates, Son and Company, 99 Gresham Street, London, E.C.

On behalf of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada,
ALFRED W. SMITHERS, Chairman.

Dashwood House, No. 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C.,
10th January, 1913.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF MEXICO.

A NEW SURVEY AND NEW CAPITAL.

THE second annual general meeting of the shareholders in the Standard Oil Company of Mexico, Limited, was held on the 31st ult., Mr. George Macdonald (the Chairman) presiding.

The notices having been read.

The Chairman said he was disappointed that greater progress had not been made with regard to the finding of oil on the Company's area in Mexico; but there were reasons for it. He described the various incidents which had interfered with the progress of the work. Under all the circumstances the directors decided that one of their number should proceed to Mexico and see exactly what was the situation of affairs. Mr. Weber had undertaken the mission towards the end of June, and after thoroughly overhauling everything that had been done and was being done he returned and made a report to the directors, which had been circulated among the shareholders. Mr. Weber confirmed the belief that they had a most valuable property, which only required pertinacity to see it through to success, and he thought Mr. Weber would go further and say that very few of the shareholders could realise the possibilities of the property. They had now a crew of drillers, with a head driller in charge, and a manager, and this staff would materially assist in selecting sites for further wells and otherwise developing the property. The board also thought it wise to have another geological survey of the area, which had been made and was completed on 7 October last. The survey was made by a fully qualified surveyor who had been employed upon the most important Mexican oilfields, and his report would largely guide the directors' policy for the future. In that report the directors were advised as to the site of a further test well. This well would be a most important test for the field, and, the surveyor thought, would be situated in a much more favourable position for finding oil than well No. 1. On receipt of this report, arrangements were made for sinking well No. 2 upon the site selected. The derrick was now being erected, and they hoped to order the necessary casing and plant, and commence active drilling very shortly. They had just received news from the manager, dated 2 December, to the effect that the formation was becoming harder, and the trouble with casing had decreased, although the drilling was now much stiffer. A hard cap 2 feet thick had been encountered, which took three days to penetrate, and two experts to whom specimens had been shown had expressed favourable views as to the proximity of oil as indicated thereby. The manager went on: "I think the directors may be glad to know that our prospects of getting oil are not decreasing, although the time taken to achieve the desired result has been both long and costly." The directors were asking the shareholders for power again to increase the capital of the Company. The present amount was £66,000, which was a mere bagatelle as compared with other companies operating in their immediate vicinity. The Company had been protocoised in Mexico; a Mexican company had been formed, which would considerably help them in future, because the Mexican company was recognised in Mexico. The shareholders were now asked to increase the capital to £99,000 by the creation of "A" and "B" shares; but it did not follow that they were going to make a new issue at once, or that they were in need of funds at the present moment. As a matter of fact, neither of these things was the case. But they did want, now that they had established themselves in Mexico, if they were going on with the development of their area and to save the money that they had paid on another area and to develop it, to have further funds ready at hand. They had still available for issue, roughly, 150,000 "A" shares. If the present proposal were accepted, they would be able to produce a further £33,000, making a total available of £99,000. If the shareholders approved of the proposal, the policy of the board would be to complete the purchase of the Zucchi area, and the Company would then control a very large area in Mexico right in the heart of a proved oilfield. In conclusion, the Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Harry Weber seconded the motion, which was, after some discussion, unanimously agreed to. The usual formal business was then transacted, and the special resolutions providing for the increase of the Company's capital were approved.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors terminated the proceedings.

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